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GLENDALOUGH.

(Dresser)
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Editor of the University,

GLENDALOUGH,

with the author's Compton
OR

THE SEVEN CHURCHES:

A Didactic Poem.

BY AN EX-MODERATOR, T.C.D.

"Nothing—or at best but ruin of ruins; for the Imagination aided by Reflection must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories, which the gravedigger Time has buried too deep for discovery."—*Richardson.*

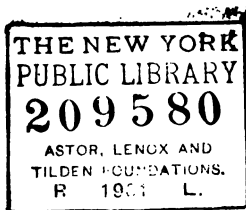
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IS DEDICATED, AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF REGARD AND ESTEEM,

The Author.

P R E F A C E .

HAVING made repeated visits to the Lake of the Valley of the Seven Churches, I have returned on each occasion more deeply impressed with its mournful beauty and picturesque associations. The lay of Moore,

“ By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,”

is not more wildly abrupt, nor the ancient music to which it is set more strikingly arranged, than the theme it suggests and the scene it portrays. Still, shorn of her bloom, shrunken in her dwellings, and degraded from her See—a crownless and unturreted Cybelè—the Mother-City retains sufficient indications of her earthly joy, to excite the feeling and attract the taste.

There is authentic report, and indeed it is matter of history, that the whole of this region was formerly wooded with fair wide-branching Oaks, which filled the hollows, spread the level, climbed the bare sides of the mountain, and diffused a sacred horror over the Sanctuary itself. Of this mass, a few occasional Stragglers and scant patches of dispersed underwood alone remain, to determine its extent, and bear witness of a time when,

according to local tradition, a squirrel could have sprung from bough to bough and tree to tree, from one end to the other. But even in the memory of man, it is reported, vast clearings have been made. Ludlow informs us in his *Memoirs*, (p. 151,) that he “marched with a party of horse and foot to the fastnesses of Wicklo, and scowred by different ways the passes and retreats of the Irish, who still fled on our approach to the *woods* and bogs.” I have been told by the owner of the Fee in those parts, than when Ludlow was assaulting the castle of Kevin, built on an antient rath of the O'Tooles, he found the place so inaccessible—begirt as it was with a river, and a morass which has since in the process of drainage shrunk some way from its walls, and defended on all sides by this matted outwork of trees—that the only open which presented itself lay along the bed of the river, where he accordingly raised an earthen fort, which still exists, and so commanded the garrison and subdued the Kernes. An enormous brass camp-kettle, standing on its tripod about five feet from the ground, and capable of holding an entire sheep or even bullock for the use of the soldiery, (similar to one at present in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, bearing this date “1640,” but of much larger dimensions) was dug up by a tenant in the neighbourhood; but being broken in the removal, its fragments were privately sold for seven pounds. Another cauldron, found here, which would seem to have been used for brewing, or such like purpose, was lately in the collection of the Dean of St. Patrick.

I consider it interesting to view the scene under this aspect, not only from the natural charm which it presents to our imagination, to look back upon this little Patmos in the wilderness, surrounded with such a closing rail of verdure; to catch through the florid vistas the busy hum of extinct industry, and science, and adoration; and harken through the shades to the call of the belfry—if only belfry it be—sending its sweet summons to each remote Church: but also because it refers our opinion of the sanctity of the place itself to an indefinite period, anterior to the present Dispensation, where the gaze of the Searcher is lost in the thickets of time. It would seem indeed to have been a place of mystery and gloom, of barbarous rite and strange communing; while

“The River rushing o’er its pebbled bed
Imposes silence.”

DOUGLAS.

The late lamented Cæsar Otway has observed, that the names of contiguous sites, Derry-bawn, Comaderry, and Derry-Ossory (church and parish) derive their significance in the original from their position in the oaken forest. But a further meaning is involved in this nomenclature, for we know that the Druids held these woods in high regard—as Pliny says, “*nihil habent visco et arbore in qua gignatur, si modo sit robur, sacratius*,” (*sub fin.* l. 15)—and were wont, beneath their umbrageous transepts, to rear the stony altar, lop the sacred misletoe with a sickle of brass, and institute their weird ceremonies. Now, as we read in Grose’s Antiqui-

ties, "when the Christians succeeded to the Druidic hierarchy, they hallowed a certain portion of this holy grove, and called it simply Doire, Daire, or Darry,' which prefix, translated '*roboretum*' in the writers of the Church, has been consequently appended to so many of our ancient ecclesiastical denominations, as will be seen in the list there recorded. Again, from the number of early Christian remains, we may prove that they in fact adopted a subsisting prejudice. Here then we may behold the antagonism of the two grand systems of the world, the Neophyte and Pagan, the Convert and Idolater, *the* God and Baal, stilled in the Valley of the Shadow,—know their mortal tenement decayed and sylvan recesses laid bare to the profane—the living principle of the one swept from the land for ever, the other connected with our own senses and our own days, through the chain of ages, by the service of praise and thanksgiving that is still offered up from that same stone-roofed Vault, which may have been an unconscious receptacle of the conflict of the Faiths. There would, indeed, to a nice discernor, appear to exist a remarkable conformity, as it were an external adaptation of types, between that time-stained tower, those ash-coloured piles, and the bleak moor and weather-beaten strata of the surrounding headlands—a natural keeping, which, independent of any fanciful allusion, must force itself on the most heedless observer. Thus, it may present in this its hour of baldness and decay, as consistent a grace and a severer charm than in the days of its luxuriance and strength.

It is true that some have doubted the existence of

any considerable city in these marches; but it is obvious, to argue *a priori*, that the head quarters of a powerful clanship, the seat of military and ecclesiastical power and authority, these numerous churches, and a school celebrated through foreign lands in the dark ages, would have drawn within its precincts a vast number of visitors and settlers. And indeed, comparing the magnificence of earlier painters with the bareness that here prevails, and observing the waste that is even now proceeding, where every peasant's tomb can wrest a corner-stone of the building for its headpiece, and urchin violence mutilate a shaft; we are the more easily led to infer how, in the course of centuries of wantonness and neglect, a town constructed for the most part of the loose materials of an Age which reserved all its luxury for the sacred edifices, has become gradually decomposed, and resolved into the rude and unformed heaps which at present swell the area of its ancient occupation:

“ Still will ye deem it strange
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station and primeval fame ?”—PRIOR.

And indeed the Tower itself, unless its foundations are pinned and secured, will soon follow the rest, and mix its stones with theirs.

It will be seen that one of the most important muniments in the charter of the ‘ Churches,’ that antique tombstone in the ‘ Sepulchre of Kings,’ whose mortal device had signed and sealed the Royalties of the O'Tooles, was of late partially obliterated. Of a truth,

our Lia-fail, or Fatal stone of Inauguration, had been afore morally deposed from its principal Chair of State and the glory of the dominion of their predecessors had ceased to be enthroned in the homage, or to actuate the fickle destinies of this People.

Bishop Watson says: "Shall a shipwrecked Mariner on observing a geometrical figure, accurately described on the Sand of the Sea-Shore, encourage his followers with saying, 'Let us hope for the best, for I see the traces of man;' and shall not man, in contemplating the structure of the universe, or of any part of it, say to the whole human race, 'Brethren, be of good comfort. we are not begotten of chance?'" So restricting our view, we may collect, how every line of a preceding discipline, each evidence and relation of a pristine state, impressed on the soil of a nation, contain, under heaven, an hereditary estimate, to cheer the stranded hope, point the depressed efforts, rebuke the want of faith, and console the despondency of remote generations. Even so, this attempt to illustrate one antient Script may not be altogether purposeless.

In conclusion, some of the historical incident and truthlike fancies connected with the place, together with such plain description and pertinent reflections as might occur to an ordinary observer, I have endeavoured here to arrange in a series of stanzas—a Poem, void indeed of Action to amuse, or Story to direct the attention, which withal being diligently coloured and adorned to the extent of my art, I without further preamble introduce to the Gentle Reader.

Canto I.

MOUNTAIN SHADOWS.

" Souvent aux rayons de cette astro
Qui alimente les rêveries, j'ai crû
Voir le Génie des Souvenirs assis tout
Pensif à mes côtés."

ATALA.



Mountain Shadows.

I.

Once more returned, fatigued to roam,
Weeps the Exile's joy in sight of home;
As old friends greets the sounds of shore,
And Land's sweet meadowed breath once more;
For he had long mixed with strange men,
Impelled by the haunting restless Pain
Which drave him forth o'er th' Western main,
The weary world's wide citizen!
But Care ascends the flying keel,
Still sits above the chariot wheel,
Clings like his shadow to his sides,
And home the wayward voyager guides!
Now past Valentia's Isle, swift gales
O'er the hissing seas urge the winnowing sails;
She bounds along her foamy track,
The flapping sheets their courses slack,
The harsh fluke from the prow is cast,
And in the biting marl made fast;

The poop stands to the shore, and slides
A light skiff down her bulwarked sides;
To the ashen staves the sailors bend,
The houses, trees and beach ascend.
Now landed, homeward bends his knee,
He felt at heart a kind of dread,
To rest beneath the black roof-tree
Of the widowed hearth, whose peace was fled,
And dearest welcome buried!
So shaped his moody onward plight,
—(That rough and kindly crew first sped) —
Where in the sombre cloistered pale
One monument of slighter frame
Lay mid the rude tombs in the vale,
And wore a simple text, and name
Now grimed with moss, and hid from sight,
Which chronicled then the hopeful rest
Of all he once on Earth loved best!

II.

Yet went not quite alone: a friend
Whom on his progress he had found,
And with fast links of travel bound—
That after tie, to act o'er again
The road's inglorious wild campaign!—
Conducts him to his journey's end.

To such strict course their mutual mind
Had studied nature and mankind,
That like young boughs by labour wrought
It branched out with a common thought,
Which led then to the chapelled brake;
There oft they both were seen to wend,
Communing with the pensive Lake,
Or through the old ruin, increased with gloom,
Hung mid the dark firs o'er Her tomb;
Till I—for 'twas *this* friendship felt
That strong heart with its fervour melt,
Grew to love from pure sympathy
The sweet face of the Scenery,
And culled each drifted tale that strewed
Its stray leaf o'er our solitude;
Whilst he his blighted sheaf's blind ears
Bound up, as in a Vale of tears;
And in my story's fall ever threw
Some fruitless gleanings sad and true;
So, when our pilgrimage was done,
That gentle spirit, I trust, was flown
To join its blessed companion,
I strung each random note alone,
And placed my store in the ancient dell
I ne'er again so fair shall see,
And woo'd the Light of memory,

To praise the land you loved so well,
And rove in song, dear Friend! with thee.

III.

While various Autumn's bloom decay'd
Sank deeper through the tinted glade,
The sheeted lake beneath unroll'd
Waved heavily its sultry fold;
In swarter lines of molten gleam
Ran pebbled Avon's garish stream;
When hill and valley's outline round
In fuller sweep advancing wound;
And amber Eve came reddening down,
Twas sunset on the mountains brown!
There lowly bends a fugitive Beam
Of antient Joy's forgotten dream;
In mournful recognition glides
O'er Glendalough's despondent tides;
Threw all around each ruined church
One passionate and long research;
And with such sere and faded mien
It hung about the dun ravine,
As might the wan Genius of the past
A mute reproach towards heaven cast,
And wave from golden wings of light
Th' warm perfume of a Spirit's flight!

IV.

Ethereal Beam ! by whate'er name
Thou starrest in the wold thy conscious flame ;
Unwearied memories canst suggest,
Which never set in the ardent breast,
As the Arctic sign, untinged of the waves,
Its shade there ever fearless laves ;
Pale meteor, hovering o'er decay,
Which flashed before the traveller's way
By Salamis or Marathon ;
O'er nature's lifeless face wilt shed
The features of the illustrious dead,
As mists extend the fallen sun !
Light of a darkened land, if some here
The ancestral image still revere,
Indigenous worth inspires, prolong
Thy grace reflected o'er my song !
Shall we still hear, in foreign climes,
Of flagrant meed and splendid crimes,
Sweet streams ribbed glide, broad Oceans roar
But celebrate the friendless shore ;
Should Fancy like a froward child
Seek pools less tranquil, rocks less wild,
A social ruin alone disdain,
Nor wanton in her own domain,

Leave hapless Kathleen's fate unwept,
Salute no tomb where monarchs rest,
View not the cell where Kevin slept,
Be ne'er by native beauty blest?

v.

And yet a moment, and forsook
The floods the warm sunlight's parting look,
Which shone through the ambient crystal haze
With glow subdued, yet full and tender,
As flares in the alabaster vase
The sinking lamp's exuberant splendour;
Till the wide rimmed wave once sparkling round
Uncertain shades eftsoon confound!
Flushed Glendalough! Another day
Hath wheeled aloft its fervid ray,
And passed through the Hour's Olympian bar
Exulting in triumphal car;
As the Athlete's thick enkindled pace
Burns o'er the last sand's winning space,
And in the incarnate Soul's divorce
Love shines out with expiring force,
With tenderer gust inspires its close,
And sinks unconquered in repose!
But as, plunged newly in the main,
Suns warm the tilth, and cheer the swain,

The earth-tainted Spirit's fresh remorse
May hover nigh the abandoned corse,
Inhabit the hearts it ne'er resign'd,
And cling to the outposts of the Mind,
As in the nightly bivouack
The skirting guard forefends the attack,
And twixt the watchfires' livid ground
Looms like a spectre on his round ;
Resistless Intellect, free as air,
Untrammelled by brute bonds of flesh,
Can waft its angel everywhere,
To officiate aye bright and fresh ;
For Death can every stain renew,
As distance mellows the outward view,
Grief, even weaknesses exalt,
And Kindness canonise a fault !

VI.

After this wise, would he complain,
As if the Dead appeared again,
" Though none on earth return to tell
The secrets of the grave,
None quite the instinctive horror quell
Which seemingly they brave !
Not mighty Cæsar could controul
His still presentiment of dole,

That inward shrinking of the nerves
Which man's fine organism preserves !
The firm mast'ry of Lichfield's sage
On this theme trembled o'er the page,
With Imlac sadly wise, instils
Regards surviving Lethal rills !
Though noblest minds enforced behest
No rules of vulgar credence test,
'Tis writ in the heart, suspends the breath,
And cools the blood with taste of death !
Oft will a passing spirit-quake
With unaccounted tremors shake
The involuntary will,
As if transported we would dwell
On threshold of the Invisible,
The curdling pulse stood still ;
So mariners by polar seas
Far floating icebergs greenly freeze
With momentary chill !
So 'tis, when one within hath died,
As on that visioned charger pale
The very shape of Death did ride,
That recent Animation fled,
Its actual flight took overhead ;
The ban-dog sniffs the teeming gale,

And whines long in the raw moonlight
The ghastly utterance of its fright.

VII.

“ Can once for all this genial spark
Be merged in ashes cold and stark,
Bland agile ardour sink inurned,
Nor smoulder where it so long burned?
Or could our prodigal Haste exhaust
Its stores in one vast holocaust;
With the wonted spoils laid on the pyre,
Inhume each remnant of desire;
Who'd bear to quench that vigil lamp
Whose jet dispels the charnel damp,
The discontinued claim annul,
And live from thenceforth free and—dull?
Will e'en this *live* embodied Ghost
Revolve its treasured ingots lost,
And, like the wild roving buccaneer,
To guard its prizes reappear,
When at the last, long, solemn pause,
The mind inverts its reasoning laws,
Resumes at the end each earlier scene,
And wipes out all that came between?
If then, on Doom's thus imminent brink,
Some in the past will live and think,

Could Penance pass by grace excused
The vast gulf nine times interfused,
Love in man's bosom purely reigns,
Though madness all the rest profanes !
When use hath nipt each hardier growth,
That gentle plant to die is loath,
And shoots, as lichen's tiny branch
Its sanguine vegetation throws
'Midst glaciers and the hoar avalanche,
Unfrozen in ne'er melting snows !"

VIII.

" But though love under heaven swell
The mere, the grove, it shrinks in hell,
Insatiate pangs the sin-bound tear,
Wheels the huge rotation of despair,
Absorbed in thirst the sensual drown,
Weighs hardened ease the ruthless down,
Hope at the entry stands—alone !
These feel no suffering but their own !"

IX.

" Still," joined he, " might a saintly lief
Descend the countless grades of woe,
And in the stupor of our grief
Prevail in mild angelic show !

Save for this hankering 'yond the grave,
Why should our final sickness rave
Of fields and home, dear wife and friends,
Since at the outset the attraction ends?"

X.

"'Las! 'tis but sore infirmity
Of the Inmate struggling to be free;
The front unbent, those bright eyes sunk,
'Mongst weeping kin lies the useless trunk—
Or cast upon the weeded shore,
With none to cover or weep o'er,
The grim dog's prey, bald vulture's food,
Obscene sport of the reflux flood,
Which sways each dangling limb to scare
Those dismal revellers to their lair—
The Shade waits on the Dolorous coast,
And vainly friends recall the ghost,
Though like pale dreams they seem to walk,
And toss their arms and idly talk,
As gibbers through the white elder's bough,
In Rhefeart's nave the night-winds sough,
In well-known accents heaves a cry,
As some weird figure rustles by;
In fine, on verge of Paradise
Love's fond ambition prostrate lies,

Nor peers through the utter adamant,
Nor lists the extremest angel's chant,
The hymn ceaseless round the throne ;
Consider how high Bootes' car,
The paths of Uranus how far,
So wide their ways from our own !"

XI.

" Then," cried he, " by the Hopes of other days,
Whate'er was Virtue, Beauty, Praise !
So meetly flaunt our vague Regrets,
To gild the heart's ruined shrine,
In desolate fanes, where daylight sets,
And nameless grandeurs pine !
The stored-up wish, its barren cell,
The towering aim's vain pinnacle,
The false forsworn, or true lost vow,
Its casual tomb forgotten now,
This sterile grange and vacant spire,
These rude shades of themselves inspire !
And there are times not e'en one voice,
Though sweet so much may the ear rejoice,
As when the hushed whisper widely blown
Strikes listening Echo's prattling tone ;
Far gleaming with a dull assent,
Faint symphony with the blabbed intent,

Swift at her call each Sorrow laid,
And Joys whose rites have long been paid;
We hold, we cherish, and believe,
Clasp, and a thin embrace receive,
Grieved with fictitious happiness,
And revelling in unreal distress!"

XII.

" They fame 'twas through this fabled gloam
The light-foot fay would deftly roam,
'Thwart the stray peasant's 'lated path,
Or led the dance on Ardskill's rath;
While 'neath the mound the entranced Chiefs hold
Their dead-watch till the Time is told!
Grave theme of rural wonderment!
In pleased suspense, yet half afraid,
Grows red and pale the village maid;
And though our elfin days are shent,
For us the Arch-Fancy's slender wand
Waves harmless o'er the unweeting strond.
Nor combing Merrow more is seen
On Bantry's undelusive green;
Still 'neath this magic half-lit dome
Thought wanders to an happier home,
A brief intoxicating glance
Of floating legions of romance.

Imped Reveries glide, as apt and frail
As snatches of the Sea-maid's tale,
Whose incoherent eddying round
By the weather-beaten shore is found !"

XIII.

" In vain would the unscathed sense impeach
The fairy-land you sadly teach !
Care springs the true Dircean source,
The wounded pedant's constant flow,
It saddens o'er the free discourse,
Steeps the annalist's sententious woe,
And hangs in poesy, whole and clear
As stalactite's earth-filtered tear !
This linked the elect-star's paly fire
With the idol of suppressed desire,
Raised the Hero labourer on high
To figure o'er the spacious sky ;
By godlike matter sought to fill
The void of an immortal will,
Still mourned in the empyreal vault
Some absent Pleiad's bleak default !
The brightest hour by man enjoyed
Ne'er comes with no lack unalloyed,
Some moral vacancy of space
Which no fine alchemy can replace !"

XIV.

“ On Ida's tops your Jove may bend
To admire his own rare handy work,
A moonsick wish Endymion tend,
The Muses haunt Parnassus' fork,
May Hebe pour youth's nectared urn,
Round the happy banquet laughter burn,
These in their own bright sunny lore
Draw down the wide essence they adore ;
Ours, tear's traditionary fall,
The hereditary hag's shrill thrall ;
Our fears down Poul-a-phooka's height
Shall dance the night-mare's goblin sprite ;
By coy deceptive Leprachawn
Our unsubstantial grasp be drawn ;
Us Fetch's glassy features strike,
Like what was known—yet how unlike !
So lorn, and gaunt, and woe-begone,
We shudder while we gaze thereon !
For us lone Banshee, wailing hard,
Claps her lean palms on the hoary sward,
And the hollow rumbling Coach-a-bowre
Sweeps phantom hearse with fatal stoure !

XV.

" 'Tis when the Chief lies on his bed,
Last prince of the family,
What booms like a thunder-clap dead,
With a swinging trot and free?

XVI.

Oh was it the Elm's creaking bough stirred?
What is He so late doth ride?
The crisp leaves o'er the dry gravel skirred?
'Tis the Dullahan—woe betide!

XVII.

With an headless horse, nodding plume,
Turn your face to the wall, and pray!
Like the Shadow of Death in the gloom
Comes to summon your soul away!

XVIII.

Weep, Desmond! low lieth its pride,
Through the gate to return no more,
Ne'er unbarred but for burial or bride,
He is gone where that funeral bore!"

XIX.

“ And dearer,” I answered, “ that legend to me,
Than the myth of the Greek, with its wild heathen
glee;
Though deeper the numbers of sorrow and shame,
They resound in our hearts with a fuller acclaim;
Ne’er heard unwept, ne’er wreaked in vain,
That silver chord’s pathetic strain.
Affianced land ! be it mine to espouse
Thy sacred wrongs, thy fall to arouse ;
Untiring ward beside thee keep,
And hang dejected o’er thy sleep ;
Night’s tedious watches fixed to wile,
In longing for the awakening smile
To test the palpitating strife,
And first moist flutter of new life !
Away ! away ! She is not dead,
But only sleeps till morning red !
Though strangers deem thee base and worn,
To me thou art fairer than their scorn ;
Though all the world thy name revile,
One tongue shall no reproach defile ;
To its mouth’s roof shall sooner cleave
Than slander of thine honour weave ;

May, if for shame I love not yet,
This right hand all its skill forget,
Let the cursed child first lift a stone,
And crush its parent's dying groan—"

XX.

" Forbear your vain lament; in sooth,
Sad are the days of our own youth,
Yet know we at times, though strength of man
Is measured by twelve lustres' span,
May seventh decade scarce attain
In slow decrepitude and pain;
The wide cycle of the Nation's date
Shall 'yond our troubles radiate;
The seething mass once fuse each kind,
And shine like metal thrice refin'd,
Like forged Corinthian brass shall shine
More precious than the golden mine!
Why will ye poorly live dependant
On each fair sister orb ascendant?
When those exhausted haughty states
Roll down the period of their fates,
Your Star in zenith of its pride
Shall soar with satellites allied,
Rule o'er the quarters of the West
No baleful sign of war and pest,

Earth's nations to affright,
But, like that milky path which gleams
On bosom of her eager streams,
Deep galaxy of light !”

XXI.

“ Me too,” I prayed, “ may prelude higher
Incite, than shakes the Orphean lyre ;
A louder sweep and nobler swell
Than moved my sylvan lay along
The stops of legendary song !
How meditate each glorious type
With oaten wax-compacted pipe ?
With myrtle wreath my herald shell !
For some cittern, rebeck, psaltery, shalm
To accompany the rolling psalm !
Behold what orient splendour paints
The uplifting of the Isle of Saints,
Like Delos bounding from the sea,
The birth-place of a god to be,
Where Earth's long travail shall be blest,
And isolate her havened rest !
Lift up your hearts with energy ;
Knowledge is power, and maketh free !
Arts shall the sunken gorges bridge,
Arts level low the arduous ridge,

The warm flint corrode, soft basalt pierce,
Appease the manners of the fierce !
The plains seem furrowed with straight roads
Which lead to fortunate abodes ;
The bays lie hid with snowy van,
And commerce mingles man and man !
As gardens by the river side,
Thy fertile cultures flourish wide ;
As plants exalt their stems aright,
The mountains vegetate to light !
The crops shall fling their fruits more free,
Store burst the o'erladen granary,
And copious Wealth's inverted horn
Those naked meagre sides adorn ;
The sun shall smile with larger rays,
The fame thereof the whole world amaze !"

XXII.

" So prayed I ; but an heavenly air
Dispersed that settled cloud of care ;
And lent strange ardour to his tongue,
As if a Prophet really sung.
Awhile his lips confused vibrate,
Low murmuring with diviner 'fate,
Then thrill, with sudden rapture fired,
What Phœbus and the Muse inspired !

" Haste, happy Ages, to be born !
Haste, ruddy dawn of coming morn !
Like the watcher on the house-top, I spy
Thy flaming beacon cleave the sky !
Oh joyous spell ! Clash, Tympany,
Proclaim the social jubilee !
As, lashed upon the loose pine-raft,
Who o'er his small devoted band,
Hath caught the yellow fogs abaft,
The young Day-break glimmering on the sand,
Grant that our age may look on earth,
Till it hath reached that destined birth !
Flow swiftly, flow, auspicious line,
Roll on in eulogy divine ;
Lead forth returned Astræa's reign ;
Great sacred Victory, crown my strain.
Time the deliverer, hail, thrice hail !
The land united must prevail !
Though ill hath chanced, and worse befall,
With want at home, and woe, and drouth,
And food snatched from the children's mouth,
There shines one heaven o'er all,
By whose dread help Time alternates,
The change of empires, rise of states !
Oft in the sablest storm will lurk
That little patch of blue at work,

Which spreads its halo round the spheres,
And turns to songs the shepherd's fears;
So o'er dusk Egypt's angular soil
The Rain's soft laugh upon the strand,
And stray mists, like a vap'rous hand,
Betray the risings of the Nile,
And ease the panic of the land!
Shall clouds from the azure wholly fade,
The floating cloud unmoved remain,
Our life go down without a shade,
Or ever launch the shafts of Rain?
Why vex your hearts? O'er Earth's wide coasts
An Angel stands, and metes their hosts,
Weighs the issues of the storm and calm,
And holds them in his hollow palm.
Soon be that saving turn begun,
Long, long to last, so be it done!
Yea! though these eyes should never see
Thy season of prosperity,
Though Death should seal their light before,
Still fare thee well! now, evermore!"

XXIII.

As in a tune where one high note
Turns to harsh clamour in the throat,

It jarred e'en then my soul to hear
The abrupt transition of his cheer,
Alas! sweet friend, I little knew—
That morrow at least ne'er dawned for You!

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 17, line 1.

*The earth tainted spirit's fresh Remorse
May hover nigh the abandoned corse.*

See the picture in Lucretius, (Lib. iii. 892, et seq.) of the Disembodied hanging over its corrupt tenement, and becoming infected with the contact of its former self:—

“ Ipse sui miseret neque enim se dividit hilum,
Nec removet satis a projecto corpore, et ollud
Se fingit tactûque suo contaminat astans.”

Compare with it, Moore:—

“ Such as they tell
In the lone cities of the silent dwell,
And there unseen by all but Allah sit,
Each by its own dead body watching it.”—*Lalla Rookh*.

Note 2, page 17, line 23.

*Not mighty Cæsar could control
His still presentiment of dole.*

Thus Suetonius:—“Eâ verò nocte cui illuxit dies cædis, et ipse visus est *per quietem* supra nubes volitare, et cum Jove dextram jungere, ob hæc, simul præ infirmâ valetudine diu cunctatus,” &c.

Note 3, page 18, line 5.

With Imlac sadly wise instils

Regards surviving Lethal rills.

On this topic, a favorite subject of his private thoughts, Johnson writes well and feelingly in *Rasselas* (chap. vi.) :—"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. * * * * That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

Note 4, page 22, line 22.

Strikes listening Echo's prattling tone,

Far gleaming—

Βαρει-

ἀ δ' ἀθυρόστομος

ἄχῳ τηλεφανῆς πικρᾶς

διμωγᾶς ἰνακούει.

ΣΟΦΗΟΣ. *Philoctetes*, l. 187, seq. (*Brunch.*)

Note 5, page 23, line 1.

Swift at her call each sorrow laid.

δεινὸν μὲν το πάλαι κείμενον ἦ-

δη Κακὸν ὦ ξῆν ἐπεγείρειν.

Ædip. Colon. 511.

Note 6, page 25, line 19.

For us lone Banshee wailing hard.

Such a dreary familiar attended the last moments of the royal house of St. Louis. When a prince of that family was about to die, a female dressed in white was seen wandering about the palace. See

Alison's Account of the Death of Louis XVI.—*Hist. Europe*, vol. i. chap. 6.

Note 7, page 25, line 21.

The hollow rumbling Coach-a-bowre.

This superstition of the death-coach, being hallowed by family pride, is claimed by many of the old families in Ireland. For a kindred appanage in Britany, the "caroche de Bretagne;" and of the Dullahan, the "dark" or "sullen," see the notes to Croker's Fairy Legends on this head.

Note 8, page 28, line 19.

*When those exalted haughty states
Roll down the period of their fates.*

On this subject the courtly Chesterfield writes with strange enthusiasm (LETTERS, Nov. 30, 1751):—"I think I interest myself more in that country (Ireland) than this. This is past its perfection, and seems gradually declining into weakness and caducity; that seems but leading to vigour and perfection, and engages one's expectations and hopes. One loves a promising youth, &c."

The peer has anticipated the poet:—

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young."

Yet nearly a century has elapsed, and this nation is still, relatively, in its nonage.

Note 9, page 31, line 23.

By whose dread help Time alternates.

ἀπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς ἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
φύει τ' ἀδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται
κοῦκ ἔστ' ἑλκπτον οὐδεν.

SOPHOC. *Ajax*, l. 650.

Canto III.
THE VISIT.

"The Spirit seemed to stand
Upon an isolated pinnacle,
The flood of ages combating below,
The depths of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Nature's unchanging harmony."

SHELLEY.

The Visit.

I.

Behind the mountain's glittering crown
The sun had rolled the heavens down;
The sallow lake and trepid rill
Shone smitten with a blunter thrill;
With dusky flit o'er copse and plain,
The Hour trembled like a shifting vane,
And, like a faint blush o'er the vale,
One roseate blush began to exhale;
We had reached the Lady Church, when he
So brake the silence thoughtfully.

II.

“ Now why should Memory's index note
The cheerless blank of times remote,
Nor like the sun-dial in the shine,
Their lightsome minutes only sign?
Here lost perforce to time and place,
It round life's empty circle veers;

In every quarter turns to trace
The lines of all that loss endears,
Swings feebly o'er the midway goal,
And moves in twilight of the soul.
We make no count of shades that tell
Our eld and youth's dark silent knell.
How complex man! How different
Identity by conscience blent!
How in thought's platform oddly met
The hope, the struggle, and regret;
Each shining coat of wonder cast,
The heart creeps defenceless o'er the vast!
Down Derrabawn's deep-chanelled falls
There Glaneola's torrent brawls,
Through closing crag and thicket wades,
Or foams on view in rash cascades;
Writhed with the immitigable power,
That hurls its spray's exhaustless shower;
In Poul-a-Nass now lightly raves
Its lucid interval of waves—
Till o'er the sloping margin drawn,
Like a bruised serpent, wearily
Subsiding in the long-haired lawn,
'Tis lost in the open estuary,
Like Passion in eternity!

That turbid Stream shall sooner mount
Rebellious to its taintless fount,
Than age flow backward to recal
Its fresh gush by the waterfall !
But dim as troubled dreams' relapse
Return our childhood's soft mishaps ;
The very grounds seem shrunk and changed,
Where erst those careless footsteps ranged ;
Still o'er the lines of feeling spent,
Which seam the wide forehead like the bed
Of the wintry mountain-stream reled,
Long habit pairs the dwindled bent ;
As where the effusive deluge ends,
In broken rills the flood descends.

III.

“ The sap, the assault of years that glide
What sense can unconcerned divine ?
Hide, Providence, in mercy hide
The amass of all they undermine !
As well the matted bullrush dank,
As Lotus drinking by the bank ;
The graceful *Æra*'s bending flower,
As the harsh unprofitable hour,
Which drags the impatient current back
But sheds no blossom o'er its track !

Enough to feel our day's slow length
From crumbling earth, the heart's fibres free,
Dissolve the affections' rooted strength,
And shake the ripe bloom from the tree.
The praise that cheered, the zeal that chid,
Those peers who dropped off in the race,
Our posthumous fame from envy hid,
None left to monish late disgrace
With such cold welcome's altered tone
Greets 'Yarrow' sad revisited;
We mourn to find our place unknown
The old fellowship estranged, or—dead!"

IV.

" Still though distinct 'mongst men your worth,
Ye'll meet once more—in lap of earth,
Where warrior's helm and monarch's crown,
And all the pride of life can give,
In primitive repose lie down,
And in one resurrection live!
' Ah, Virtue! thou'rt an empty name!
The dying Roman could exclaim.
E'en as the shuttle o'er the woof
Shrill broidering a texture bright,
To be the glory of the fight,
A scarf to bind, a flag to lead,

Or the housings of a gallant steed—
Runs the hum of popular approval
Unseen our tingling frame across,
So shoots the variegated floss,
And through the bosom's scarlet fold
Inserts its subtle film of gold!
As easy lies the unfollowed boor,
As whom long retinues deplore;
The praiseless hind who sleeps alone,
As whom due cherubs weep in stone!
Soon with their faithless record pass
That marbled gloom, and tinkling brass,
Oppress the titles they prefer,
And moulder on a sepulchre.
Thy name, and date, and obvious rote
Though the wayfarer should pause to quote,
The limits of thy resting place
One desultory stride embrace,
The spacious chambers of the dead
Be startled by a living tread,
Can Flattery's suasive accents prove
The heart that nothing more can move?
Or friendship strong as Death compel
The inexorable Serf of Hell,
Reanimate the fleeting spouse,
And burst the squalid Dungeon-house?"

V.

“ Not so untenable in our lives,
The worth of pious bards survives,
As falling star’s eccentric line
The wake of genius gleams divine ;
As ships that through the tropics sail
Project a phosphorescent trail,
Draws out its course in warm desires,
And in a flood of light retires.
Nor this, though by no song repaid,
Thy lightest boast, bilaked Glenade,
In our Lord’s years whose troublous sea
Sank the rich merchant’s argosy ;
And in its autumn’s dreary fall
O’erwhelmed the Poet’s slight capital.
Smit with this Cyclopean gate,
E’en here the Latest Minstrel sate.
How should strange harper’s art combine
Fresh memories, that greenly wreathe,
Like leaves upon the dead woodbine,
The stock of hopes that fade beneath ?
As if ‘ the chain of silence ’ shook
Indifference clogs each freeborn look.
Who’ll raise the mighty Palmer’s shade ?
What perillous hands his ‘ book ’ invade ?

The torn dishevelled lyre unstrang,
And strike the notes he left unsang?"

VI.

"Flow," he resumed, "in every breast,
The permanent forms of things comprest.
Though some contain the source supreme
Of sacred Spring's profounder stream;
And in the explicit full discharge
Pour the universal Sense at large;
Lo! placed above the changeless lake,
The Shape assumed a voice, and spake
Or seemed to speak, distinct and slow,
As falls by night a viewless flow."

VII.

And now 'tis strange, when thine own head
Is numbered with the silent dead,
Thy voice sounds in mÿ ear as 'twere
A byepast ripple of the air,
To trace in harmony's winding cell
Those murmuring fancies' distant swell!

VIII.

"How soft the white curling feathered haze
Reflected o'er the water strays,

And dewy mountain heather ;
As swans on ' still St. Mary's lake'
Swim coupled with twin shadowy make,
And plume one wave together.
Soft too unseen by prying mortal
The view breaks through each crannied portal,
And narrowing all its witching guise
Through every crevice broken,
Reveals as full as downcast eyes
Their gentle flame betoken !
Though ' ridge on ridge Benledi' grows,
Dark Brockagh's brows the sky assail,
Though ' wide Benan its shadow throws,'
As low sinks Lugnaquilla's dale ;
Though ' Vennachar in silver flows,'
Meet the waters in Ovoca's vale,
As lives whose course events divide
On some chance tryst in one confide,
Thence urge along their mingling fates,
Till death *that* meeting terminates !

IX.

" Nor Trossachs more confusedly lure
Than Clara, Lara, Glennamure.
Age o'er Iona's seagirt aisles
More venerably lustrous smiles ;

With holier unction moonlight strows
The alternate keys of sweet Melrose,
Than these Seven Churches feebly bless
With their own hallowed loveliness.
Oh cold his faith and hard his heart,
To whom no sanction they impart !

X.

“ But I can hang each roodless chancel
With holy bars no time shall cancel ;
The mildewed frieze and architrave
With anthems pealing from the grave ;
And though the manifold spirit of pray’r
Hath long restored its guardian care,
Their state be fallen, worship faded,
And ‘ golden candlestick ’ degraded,
Though round their Head, with altar shorn,
And cincture rent, they wait and mourn.
Where one dismantled archway shapes,
The mind through centuries escapes,
Can reproduce the breach of Time,
Or rear a structure more sublime.
O’er rugged stones and tangled briar
Wave the hooded monk, and deep-stoled friar ;
Post on the buttressed keep’s rased site
The valiant minion Gavastone’s fight ;

Range hosts along the shingled edge
Where files flat, wavering, phalanxed sedge;
The princely Beirnes' maraudering clan
With Tuathal's marshalling in the van,
And the Archbault's covenanted ban,
To harry with fire and sword the Pale,
Burn Wicklow's town, sweep Arklow's vale;
With bold Fitzgerald and Baltinglass
Maintain the intricate mountain pass;
Lead on the adventurous knightly crew
With Audly, Crosby, Moore, Carew.
Place on their arms the sunbeams' glare,
O'er their lance-head the pennants' droop,
And down the road the trumpets' blare,
And through the woods the long drawn troop,
And in the thicket the ambushed scout,
The onset, the carnage, and the rout!
The trampling charge, the hot palfrey's neigh,
The sabre's clash, the rough *melée*,
The smiter's taunt, the wounded's prayer,
The serried line and hollow square,
And all the terrors of that day
Shriek like the ghosts in Oisin's lay;
Where natural sense discerns alone
The whooping bittern's guttural moan,

That anxious plover wheels her breast
Low brooding o'er her marshy nest !

XI.

“ Nor taste refined so nigh attract
The gorgeous hill, huge cataract,
Uncouth Savannah, lordly Tree,
The forest's savage dignity ;
As one poor Stone, rude time's outcast,
Whence e'en historic life is past ;
Vestige of migratory sense,
Landmark of lost Intelligence,
Stray point to trace, slight halt to scan
The route of the human caravan.
Though fountains, and the fresh oases,
And palm-trees deck the desert places ;
The lush liana and Mechasebe
Moisten and shade the *fallow* glebe ;
Swift zebra's striped caparison,
And green-mailed lizards glance the sun,
Though burnished jays inflame the grove,
And the air is music, brilliance, love ;
Though all that's lovely and sublime
Be lavished on the soulless clime,
Void of th' informing spirit, 'twill be
A beauteous insipidity ;

Whose face though perfect, breath so cold,
It aches the senses to behold.

XII.

“ Here oft the curious share or spade
Hath clashed on rusted bold and blade ;
The delver in his bitter task
Been stayed by dinted targe or casque,
Hacked mail, and plate, and rifted torque,
Beaker and quaigh of massive work ;
Such as of old unclosed would deck
The righteous Brehon, Moran’s neck ;
Con of the Hundred Fights had borne,
Conaire the Great, or Art forlorn,
Wine of Kincora brimmed to crown,
Mead, usquebaugh, or heath-ale brown ;
Then will the admiring hamlet tell
How Cormac fought and Dathy fell,
Of Red-branch Knights’ grand chivalry,
And Fingal’s active milit’ry ;
Thus the Indian sadly wanders round
His lost tribe’s pleasant hunting-ground,
And turning from the strange pale-face,
Revolves some light mocassin’s trace,
Takes up the ashes of his Sires,
And further in the wild retires !

XIII.

An ancient land, [or aged breast,
Its blue veins deeply mining,]
Alone can summon from their rest
These fossil spars dull shining !
“ Beneath Oblivion’s solemn falls
Should fathomless endeavour
Seek turrets, palace, and high halls
From the inert ooze to sever—
Still as we pile each shrewd device
Of atomy tall edifice,
Abroad our baseless fabrics fly,
Like moist moats in a river,
Distorting their lax imagery
With the airy beams’ slant quiver !
So shrink the high systems of our proof,
And melt from the eager grasp aloof.

XIV.

“ How soft where the earnest River frets,
The placid glow of evening sets,
As smiles in Memphis o’er the rife
And perishable accost of life,
A fixed rebuke of listless grace,
Some musing Vishnou’s banded face,

An Astaroth raptureless in bliss,
Or pale-browed sad Semiramis.
Cradled in Rock so passing fair
The wave slumbers in a world of care ;
Hath solid calm, or lassitude
Of fitful storm the surface strew'd ?
No, broods profound o'er this expanse,
Peace that our graving cares enhance ;
Whatever storm hath swept thy face
Hath passed away and left no trace.
What though, when lashed by wintry scourge,
Rears the Upper Lake the unreined surge,
In Serpent's Pool to wallow,
When hung the driving tempest's flail
Those foaming steeds obedient hale,
And purer calm shall follow !
'Tis not the unjoyous forced content
Of lips in scorn more truly bent,
Inactive torpor of the brain,
Which buoys the pang one tear might drain !
Sluggish and thick as that Dead Sea
Stagnates in plains of Idumee,
And floats along the birdless fen
Its piceous spume of bitumen !
The bubbling tear that seeks a vent
Swells only more when closely pent,

Each chafing impulse driven back
Breaks in the breast with inward rack,
And sighs that the heavy heart o'erload
With life itself have sometimes flow'd !

XV.

“ Dear Sight that wast my happiness,
When Fates shall mine divide,
On other eyes your charms shall press
And rivet to your side ;
Stern and impassive the hills as now
Shall knit their everlasting brow,
The lakes repeat the vapid phase
Of wanderers of other days !
Short lived and inane all their glee,
As bubbles to thy margin flee,
And congregate and then are broken,
Their light glaze bashed, and tumour wroken !
The sun transmits whose race is run
Its fiery seed to another sun,
The moon repairs her gibbous ring,
The gelid mead unbinds to spring ;
The heart ne'er with new light shines imbued,
Returns man's vain incessitude !
Oh ! world's unvarying fickleness,
Vain heart's eternal selfishness,

Shall not sweet Light look down upon
As fair a world when I am gone,
The lake as clear a silver lave,
When dips no oar to break the wave?
Or what avails the cold caress
Rash purposes the sad Mute flings,
Unmeaning, stale, and comfortless,
As rich gifts thrown o'er Eastern kings?
So much delight biers' costly frame,
The pearl of pity, robe of fame,
As the hope to partial sympathy
Which dedicates my memory;
Some cheek grown paler where I lie,
Fringed lid descending tearfully!
Though erst the o'erweening, fond excess
Would wrap her Beauty's bright array,
And with o'erweening tenderness
Chase every care and grief away!

XVI.

“ Yet frown not, giant brood, the while;
Nor curl, ye floods, your countless smile;
For love surviveth in the soul,
Though the heavens are shrivelled as a scroll;
Their crash, as of a burning fleet,
The shout of the clements should greet.

When rivers to their sources hie,
The Peak's haught flag in wreck shall lie,
And Ocean in the abyss is whirl'd—
It spurns the downfall of a world !
And I shall end my course as wan
And tuneful as the Aonian swan
In one last effort pours her throat,
And flutters in the quavering note !
Yea, One shall sing when I am gone,
' He kept his honour free from stain ;
His debt was paid ; his work was done ;
The glory dies not with the pain !'
Once more the unequal war to wage
'Gainst each unfriendly dire Presage.
Ah ! weary strife and guerdon fickle !
How might the courses of my age
From stony lips unconscious trickle,
In hollows of this hermitage ;
As where sharp-streaming Glendason
Wears down the living rock, flow on !
How might I, by some dewy fount,
The dripping moments cool recount !
Then lay me in the hawthorned glade,
Protected by the o'erarching shade ;
And by some artless hand be thrown
A wild wreath o'er the Great Unknown !"

Like closing swell of the air-breathed lute,
Subsides the Spirit's wail acute;
As purling rills that night rejoice
Submit at dawn their drowsy voice!"

XVII.

The smile passed from the Dreamer's face,
Then I stepped in his Word's last place;
" Beats there an heart which hath not glowed,
While that sweet Wizard's burden flowed?
Hath never owned the fictive spell
Of Maid of Judah's meek farewell?
Been flurried with the transient bliss
Of the wayward Vernon's parting kiss?
Nor melts with frantic Lucia's woe,
And Ravenswood's dark overthrow?
While grief-crazed Mowbray yields her shrift,
Though love and life were in the gift?
The woeful Douglas bends to screen
With loyal breast his liege fair Queen?
With such inherent vigour wrought,
The engrafted suggestion grows to thought.
The taste unnerved to new joys wiles,
And sorrow's lingering barb beguiles;
Supernal privilege! Yet hard
His fates, nor fame consoles the Bard;

The beams that all around inspire
Devour his soul with inbred fire !

XVIII.

“ Can pencils dipt in mimic hues
The Mind’s complexion so transfuse,
Full on the glowing canvas pour
Imagination’s ardent store,
As oral energy designs,
Thought instigates the embodied lines ?
Nor more can sculptured tortuous Stone
Reiterate Laocoon’s groan,
Wound with inextricable Destiny,
Than by the inventive Mantuan’s art
To life the moral seems to start
Of blind impracticable Agency !
Nor peerless Pæan clangs his bow
With more than an Homeric rage ;
Niobe droops congealed in woe
With more infallible presage,—
Than breathes the verse that first began
That spectacle to Gods and man !
Could Gladiator’s bronzen brow
With more material languor bow,
Indomitable by agony,

Than what beheld the vagrant Childe,
With death-damps, not by pain defiled;
Or Parian block more softly prison
The rounded limbs of the Ocean-risen,
Nude Venus Anadyomenè!
Famed Medicæan marble warm,
With more Ideal Beauty's form,
Than animates the Poet's praise,
Drunk with the fullness of his gaze.

XIX.

“ And though Illissus' bed be shrunk,
And maimed the God's abounding trunk,
Posterity to Dorian mode
Shall act the memorable ode,
Where sleepless founts its sources feed,
And saffron crocus pranks the mead;
When moths corrupt the painted pall,
Rots statue, and its pedestal!
But had our errant Faëry bard
Here caught one deep-eyed Vale's regard,
Some gentle wight of Arthur's train,
His courser pricking, here drew rein;
Through bright Colonè's olive dell
Would ne'er plain sadder Philomel!

So live in the Epinician song
The fleet, the lithe, the bold, the strong;
Though years have bowed the victor's head,
Their fight is finished, game is sped!
The foughten plain, the battle-field
To the husbandman rich harvest yield.
Where bannered hosts swayed to and fro,
The corn-field waves its compact row,
With bearded pendant drapes the soil,
And brandishes its spiky foil.
Where gracile swallows used to skim,
Through coral groves strange dolphins swim;
Where anchoring navies loved to ride,
Now lumbering axles hotly glide!
O'er Rosapenna's fertile land
See houses ridged with dunes of sand;
Through Teamor's dyke the cub-fox creeps,
The green grass robes old Taitan's keeps;
On Tyre the Fisher's net is dight,
And sought is Lacedæmon's site;
But ne'er shall Ollamh Fodlah's skill
Fade like the palace on the hill;
The undying recollections pass
Of the Hanno and Leonidas!"

XX.

“ Alack !” he cried, “ what joy afford
The grave that laureate lyre and sword ?
Let the Dead praise each glorious son,
Who sank before His prize was won !
Seek not renown, that funeral weed
Shall fail in the end the wide-bruited deed,
Many a bud obscurely shed,
On angels’ brows lives garlanded ;
When wreathes by vain Indulgence cast
Our memory on the tomb outlast !
There is no fragrant flower that dies
But wafts sweet savour to the skies.
No humble Virtues cease to breathe,
But incense on our lives bequeath !
Many that daily fight and die
Like sparks unnoticed upwards fly.
Heaven and the conscience of a few
Their flickering beam alone pursue.
Too keen life’s race, and sense too gross,
To value worth save by its loss ;
And when it faintly turns to night,
Scarce note the lapse of changing light !
Yet though the Sun itself grows dark,
And earthly Splendour leaves no mark,

Though the hand transmits its swaling torch,
They shine like stars in the azure porch,

XXI.

“ What though no graven sigh on the slab wither,
Other pale visit come than the Moon’s hither,
From the neglected lowly tomb
Unfading grace shall ever bloom.
Here lie the Sorrowful where they have striven;
Wild mountain breezes lull World’s unforgiven;
In the Sleep-garden softly rest!
Lie lightly, Earth, upon their breast!
But of unnumbered Saints perished in story,
What tongue or pen can paint th’ honour and
glory?

Here close my Hopes. The end await!
Man in his death is only great!
Extinct thy name and family,
Nought but thy works remain of thee.
Another’s cattle graze thy lawn;
On other’s hands thine own dogs fawn;
Your halls receive a passing guest;
And Friends lodge others in their breast.
As cloudy billows o’er the wide gorse,
Each human mass inclines its course.

The rich, the poor, the grave, the gay,
Like clouds uneven slope away.
So sweeps the tide of mortal cares,
As wave on wave, heir rolls on heirs !”

XXII.

“ Still,” I end, “ shall fond Pilgrims’ taste
Recal his merits in the waste ?
By Glendalough’s deserted strand
Shall the Image and the Altar stand ?
And the woodlands round thy patron name,
Immortal Scott ! from death reclaim ?”

I mind well, on my thoughtless way,
His voice fell harshly on that day.
As if a weight cast on my own pride—
We walked in silence side by side !

END OF CANTO II.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1, page 46, line 15.

*Smit with the Cyclopean gate,
In pleased astonishment he sate.*

We have but few particulars of Scott's visit to this country recorded in his biography; it occurred in the summer of the disastrous year 1825, in the autumn of which the commercial crash took place, that involved in its ruin the dwelling of the poet. Petrie, however, relates, in his truly national work, "The Round Towers of Ireland," (p. 171) that "Sir Walter, on his visit to that inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities," (as he himself terms it, in an essay in the *Quarterly* there cited) "sate for a considerable time before the ancient doorway of the Lady's Church, and expressed his admiration of its ancient character, in terms which, to his friends who accompanied him, and who were less enthusiastic antiquaries, seemed unaccountable." Petrie believes this to be the oldest of the Churches.

Note 2, page 49, line 2.

The alternate keys of sweet Melrose.

"When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Note 3, page 49, line 24.

“ The valiant minion Gavastone’s fight.”

Coxe (History, p. 91) mentions his prowess in other quarters, and adds, “He rebuilt the castle of Mackingham in the Kevin’s Country, and cut and cleansed the passes between that and Glandelogh. He was exceedingly beloved by his soldiers, both for his liberality and valour, and might have done much good here, if he had stayed longer.” Camden says, “He rebuilt the Castle of Kenmy, (Kevin) and scoured the passes between it and the Lake, and so went and offered in the church of St. Kenmy.”—*Bishop Gibson’s Translation*, 1722. A handsome modern residence still attests, in its name, the site and ruins of Castle-Kevin.

Note 4, page 50, line 3.

*The princely Beirne’s maraudering clan,
With Tuathal’s marshalling in the van,
And the Archbault’s covenanted ban.*

This was the stronghold of the powerful sept of the O’Toole’s, (“Gentem tumultuosam O’Toolorum,” as Camden calls them,) and from them the country was called Fir-Tuathal, or Country of the Tooles, (Toole being the same name as Tuathal) and of the O’Beirnes or Byrnes. The chronicles of those times are full of the exploits of these Chiefs, who extended their ravages to Arklow, and burnt New-castle and Bree in the south; they also encamped in the Forest of Coleyn, (Cullenswood, near Dublin) but were repulsed with considerable slaughter by the citizens. The above combination is from Camden:—“Item eodem anno (1415) O’tothiles, O’Byrnes, Archibaudi, et Haraudi conjurati fuerunt, et villam de Wicklow et patriam vicinam devastaverunt;” and again, “Item eodem anno, O’tothiles et O’Byrnes villam de Arklow cremaverunt.”

Note 5, page 50, line 8.

With bold Fitzgerald and Balinglass, &c.

Coxe gives a spirited description of this engagement:—“The Lord

Grey, before he was sworn in August, (1580) having notice that one Fitzgerald, with his company, which he had in the Queen's pay, was revolted to the Lord Baltinglass, and being joyned with Pheugh M'Hugh," (a chief of the O'Byrnes) "and other rebels, had secured themselves in the fastnesses of Glendalough, and did daily encrease in number and mischief, ordered a small party to attack them. Cosby, a distinguished soldier, dissuaded the attempt. But having positive orders, the Foot entered the Glynnas, whilst Lord Grey with the horse scoured the plains, but the rebels being well acquainted with these woods, laid their ambush so cunningly, that the English could neither fight in that divelish place, nor retire out of it. Courage could but little avail them; whilst, being mired in the Bogs, they were forced to stand still like Butts to be shot at. In short, the English were defeated, and the whole company was slain, except some few who were rescued by the horsemen; amongst the rest, Sir Peter Carew, Colonel Moore, and the valiant captains Audely and Cosby were killed in this unfortunate conflict." Camden too (Annal. Eliz. 293) gives a poetic account of their strife:—"Simul ac in vallem descendissent, ex arbusto, *glandium quasi grandine*, a rebellibus circumquâque dispositis, quos ne viderant quidem, obruuntur. *Desiderati fuerunt Petrus Carew*," &c.

Note 6, page 52, line 9.

Such us of old unclosed would deck.

This was the Aidh Moran, or collar of justice, which closed around the neck of the culprit.

Note 7, page 54, line 13.

The Serpent's pool to wallow.

According to Ledwich, (Antiquities of Ireland, p. 176) "Tradition tells us that a great serpent inhabited this lake, and it is to this day called Loch-na-pesté, or the Serpent's pool; and being destructive of men and cattle, was killed by St. Kevin. "On the east window of the cathedral was the figure of a dog devouring a serpent; in another

part the Saint appears embracing his favorite willow ; and among the foliage may be discovered the medicinal apple." To these we will refer in another part. The serpent, as the emblem of death or eternity, was a favorite device with the ancient masons.

Note 8, page 55, line 17.

The sun transmits, &c.

See the beautiful verses in Catullus, fifth ode ; and compare Dr. Jortin's elegant lines on the same subject, with the translation in Cowper's works.

Note 9, page 57, line 10.

He kept his honour free from stain.

"He paid the penalty of health and life, but saved his honour and his self respect."—*Lockhart's Life*, vol. 8, p. 140.

Note 10, page 57, line 14.

'Gainst each unfriendly dire presage.

He writes in his Diary, (May 13, 1826) "I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits, with a fluttering of heart and a depression of spirits, as if I knew what was going to befall me."

Note 11, page 57, line 18.

In hollows of this hermitage.

ὦ κοίλας πέτρας γύαλον
θερμὸν καὶ παγετῶδες, ὥς σ'
οὐκ ἔμελλον ἔρ' ὦ τάλας,
λείψειν οὐδέποτε.'

SOPHOCLES. *Philoctetes*, l. 1080.

Note 12, page 57, line 21.

How might I, by some dewy fount.

πῶς ἂν δροσερὰς ἀπὸ κρηνίδος
καθαρῶν ὕδατων πῶμ' ἀρυσάμην,
ὑπὸ τ' αἰγέροις, ἐν τε κομήτῃ
λείμῳ κλιθεῖς ἀναπασάμην.

EURIPIDES, *Hippolitus*, l. 210.

By these fits of allusive tenderness, the lovesick Phædra reveals her passion. The guilty secret is wrung from her soul by the officious nurse, ("sedula nutrix"—HOR.) as in our *Romeo and Juliet*, but the Queen's face is turned to shame at the discovery (l. 250.) It might be interesting, but it would exceed the limits of a note, to compare the widely different conception of this part by the French adaptator.

Note 13, page 58, line 15.

While grief-crazed Mowbray yields her shrift.

There is nothing, to my mind, in the range of fiction, more affecting than the death-scene of Hannah Irwin, and the closing passages of this fine tale. The heartless levity of the "people at the well," and the homely details of Meg Dodd's establishment, serve only, like the ghastly mirth of the gravediggers in *Hamlet*, to throw out in darker relief the gloomy outlines of the main plot.

Note 14, page 59, line 21.

Could Gladiator's bronzen brow.

The original, the masterpiece of Ctesilaus, was of bronze. See Notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

Note 15, page 60, line 9.

*And though Ilissus' bed be shrunk,
And maimed the God's abounding trunk.*

The torso of Theseus in the Elgin marbles is by many assigned to

this Rivergod. The stream itself is corrupt and diminished. Lamartine (*Voyage en Orient*) writes in his journal, Aout 22, 1832 :—" Bu des eaux du ruisseau infect et bourbeux qui est l'Iliissus. Je trouvai a peine assez d'eau pour y tremper mon doigt. Aridité, nudité, couleur de mache-fer repandues sur toute cette campagne d'Athenes."

Note 16, page 60, line 12.

Shall act the memorable ode.

See Sophocles, *Œdipus Colon*. 687. Some read "*Κηφισον*" here. *Its* bed is also dried up. "La Cephisse a son lit desseché de l'autre coté."—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Itineraire*.

Note 17, page 61, line 18.

And sought is Lacedæmon's site.

Chateaubriand says :—" Les larmes me vinrent aux yeux, en fixant mes regards sur cette miserable campagne, qui s'elevoit dans l'enceinte abandonnée d'une de villes les plus celebres de l'univers, et qui servoit seule a faire connoitre l'emplacement de Sparte, demeure unique d'un chevrier, dans toute la richesse consiste dans l'herbe, qui croit sur le tombeaux d'Agis et Leonidas."—*Itineraire*.

I have substituted Hanno, the Carthaginian admiral, the brave descendant of the Tyrian colonists.

Note 18, page 63, line 15.

Extinct thy name and family.

The name has since been revived in the Lockhart family.

Canto III.

ST. KEVIN'S BED.

"I have an Angel which so loveth me,
That with great love, wher I so wake or slepe,
He watcheth o'er my body for to kepe."

CHAUCER.—*The Nonne's Tale.*

Saint Kevin's Bed.

I.

The Harvest Moon, chaste Huntress Queen,
Smiling in Light up Heaven's clear sheen,
Leads through the grove the twinkling chace
Of Nymphs with crescents on their face,
Sheds radiant sadness o'er the scene,
The folded herds, and man's vain race,
Or o'er pale Mourner's watchful gaze,
As with a white hand strews her haze !
Methinks then thoughtful minds conceive
More comfort in the stilly Eve,
A softer Medium of their care ;
Though the Earth with joy should laugh and sing,
It holds no rapture for Despair.
E'en by the fount embittering
Its lavish flow, midst flowers' sweet spoils
Some secret anxious sting recoils,
Whose canker-spot in the World full ray'd,
Finds refuge in no friendly shade.

Sooth 'tis a strange and fearful Sight;
Our sense of safety it may enhance
To see the black Waves, tipped with light,
In lurid ranks benighted dance;
But nobler far to inspect aloof
The moral Tempest's adverse proof,
Sects' physical composure task,
And sound what throes in the wan smile bask.

II.

Laid at our feet through the foliaged sprays,
Slow undulate the leaf-meshed rays,
And spread their chequered tracteries
On each old cornice, like a frieze
Of marble paleness, wreathed on the Wall
Of a massive dark-paned Cathedral.
We pleased ourselves awhile to mark
The pendulous Meteors lace the dark.
"Now might Enthusiast greet," quoth he,
"His pensive mistress Melancholy!
There dwells not one so harsh and bold,
So selfish, sad, or early old,
But once has loved; perchance 'twas crost,
Waxed cold, ah better, early lost!
Yet each can figure in his mind
The fairest, gentlest of his kind,

Inform the implicit sentiment,
And sue a dilatory content !
The soul that absence may not brook,
A lowering brow, or fixless look,
Not Death itself from love can fright ;
Its habit grows a chaste delight !
And dear though vain that deep communion,
And bosom-sob ;
Nor years divide the spirit's union,
No chances rob ;
The pollard arms, the rugged head,
The sapless core, and seeming dead
Shall shoot and throb !
Then why so swift, erratic Shapes,
My lingering grasp your neck thrice 'scapes,
Your looks grow blank, your hands fall cold
And vapouring from the eager hold ?"

III.

" Love rules unbounded," I replied ;
" His steps lie on the Hill's cold side,
Where in yon low-browed glooming cave,
The fair-begotten Cöemghine—
Hung midway o'er the pathless wave—
His soul from woman's love would save.

There, oft a light and wistful tread
Fell hovering about his bed ;
Oft constant steps, though soft, imprint
Their faint track up the obdurate flint !
In dreams the false their gage renew,
And Nature to herself is true ;
We rush to embrace the smiling lure,
With haste as warm and love as pure.
In vain, on Wings of Morn, shall fade
Fond youth and visionary maid—
Not so, fair nightly Visitant,
His opening sense still seemest to haunt !
Lo ! starting from his rocky couch,
See Kathleen's form before him crouch !”

IV.

“ Dreamed he of Sin ? Does Woman fulfil
Her mission bound for good and ill,
Who never shared her own tear's flow,
Nor lightened an imparted Woe,
Redoubled joy's divided zest,
Nor shone herself in one true breast ?
For who can the inbred feeling smother ?
As the Wretch whom Alpine flakes confound
Burns in the white swathe that garbs him round,

The coldest heart can warm another,
And frigid Apathy *glow* to wound!
The knotted Oak the storm man fears
Shakes from its mane of Hundred years—
Yet the Holm round which no verdure steals
A blackening ruin at length reveals;
No ivied arms its downfall stay,
Or blend their frail fence with decay—
Sinking together to the ground,
With clustering bud and tendril wound!
Fond ill-starred Flame, on sleeping Kevin
Thou lean'st as pale as Love in Heaven!
Could thy bright girdle of affection,
Which with a vivid *cestus* bound thee,
Those all-embracing charms' subjection,
Which like a shining belt closed round thee,
And made thine Heaven on earth, avail,
Your white robe ne'er had strewed the gale;
Such truth had won his holy faith,
Nor proved its constancy in death."

V.

"Despair," I pled, "had nerved his arm;
Her never else that hand could harm,
Whose outstretched palm has chanced to find,
Tame merle had once with mosses lin'd;

In trust that ne'er would Culd so blest
Disturb her young, nor crush their nest,
(So miracle of mercy rare !)
Till all were fledged and flown.
As kneels on tombs and without faint
Marmorean effigy of Saint,
Its lank old fingers knits in pray'r
The Founder's soul to atone,—
(Some cross-legged Knight, with a Talbot-hound
At his feet, by his side his good Sword bound,
Which battled for the Holy Sign
In Paynim lands or Palestine ;)
Through dewy Eve and morning rare,
He with compassionate rigid care
Upheld his arm of stone ;
That hand—whose marvellous touch and suit
From the Willow rained unwonted fruit,
Long apples from the downy wood
The sick Youth's pining thirst to slake,
And cursed the wild crows for his sake,
And swung their bodies o'er the flood,
For ever, each year, one day there,
With restless claw and foodless maw,
To roost on bosom of the Air ;
So much they long to flee away,
And be at rest, but never may ;

O'er the charmed Lake arrested stoop,
Nor soar above, nor downward swoop."

VI.

Then with quaint parable he referred
The Legend of the Unresting bird :
" Thus memory at times suspends
A late pang for unkindness,
The dark irrevocable ends,
And fatal term of blindness.

One hasty word pronounced in jest,
With which old Friendships sever,
May never settle in the breast,
But rankle fixed for ever.

In vain they watch a fit pretence,
Some grounds to rest their meeting,
And dally in prolonged suspense,
Till life with the hope is fleeting."

VII.

" They seem to watch us now," I cried.
" List," he pursued, " how Kathleen died !
Disconsolate raised, and sinking slow
Descends the Immedicable blow ;

As when oppressed with the heavy sense
Of numb and supine Indolence,
As in our own despite is reared
Our hand to smite some form revered,
Forlorn, and helpless, and astray,
We loiter in a dreary way ;
Till Reason topples o'er the brink,
In dizzy swoond we sink and sink,
And mutter the inarticulate cry,
That chokes our gasping lethargy !
She looked her last—that look and start,
As if a thought had pain'd her,
Will never leave his aching heart,
For all his Life's remainder ;
Once clasped her hands before her eyes,
To shut out the horrid dream, and tries
To exclude it from her mind,
Alas ! before she well was woken,
Or felt her fall, her heart was broken,
Those eyes for ever blind !
As when dissevered by the plough,
The sleepy Poppies languish,
So she, (fair Passion-plant !) did bow
Her head in silent anguish !
No more earth cumber ! Arms profane,
Now ravelling loose your complex vein !

As welcome blows the appointed Hour
Which lays a wintered grace at last,
As sheds the pitying vernal shower,
With tears surcharged a blighted flower,
Of petals desolate and vast;
How shall it brave the searching blast,
Its dabbled crest as proudly rear,
Midst untouched Rivals blushing near?
Go with thy still full chalice!
Why for few more dull seasons flaunt,
Sustain robust Health's covert taunt,
Prosperity's light malice;
Outlive your lost bloom's symmetry,
And drain the dregs of vanity?
Blessed be the hand that gently soothes
Grief's ravaging defeature,
The passage of the tombway smooths,
And the ecstasy of Nature!"

VIII.

"E'en so fell away from upper Light
The prop-forsaken Parasite,
Whose sinewy trust and fibrous creed
Grew twining round unstable Reed;
Hangs many a furtive shoot reclined,
On Man's proud heart diversely lined,

Each Weed of care support can claim
Along with the one high cherished aim,
Love is to the other All in all;
On it She leans, with it must fall;
Fall cowering to the very earth,
When snapt the tenure of her worth;
Thus, thus he rent the single coil
Which chained his soul to earthly soil!
For burst the irreparable chain
Which first attaches, only fixes,
Each love-link shattered by the strain
Hooks on to all, with nothing mixes.
'Twill never form an whole again;
No after-tie restores the Alone,
Whose clasp reciprocates our own;
The Druid's fatal Rocking stone,
Poised evenly on tapering base,
A breath may shake, no force displace;
And fickle gusts that sway the breast
Imbed love deeper in its rest.
The weak must sink too in the strife;
To crown a Saint, or Hero's name,
The snowy heifer pours its life,
And fairer bosoms bleed for shame—"

IX.

“ I had liefer live with vulgar merit
Than sum of Hopes defunct inherit,
And painfully succeed to fame !
The Waters spread her winding sheet,
And wrap her softly as they meet ;
Then was it the wild waves' deep rebound,
Or real whispers gathering round ?
Sad o'er the sound St. Kevin hung,
Whilst thus her airy dirge was rung !

“ Yawned not for thee the sunless grave,
Where the cypress weeps and the dark yews wave.
The Mountains' bed and shining Deep
Thou hast chosen thyself for thy last long sleep.

“ And though no Sister's decent care
Could lay out those delicate limbs so fair,
No Mother caught thy parting breath,
Lament not who die young, beloved in their death.

“ No rueful Swains with piteous force
Bare in their hands thine unburthening corse ;
A Saint's benison and the Wind's shrill Keen
Were breathed where you fell with your heart full
of teen !

“ Strew virginal Lilies o’er her bier;
Set the pale Asphodel for her ghostly cheer;
Bid purple Amaranth bleeding lie;
Let there droop the pink Gilliflower’s eye !”

X.

“ If dark the deed, as great his pain,
Let Man forbear to brand its stain !
Hope dwells in danger and distress,
And succour in the heart’s loneliness,
Companionship for souls bereaved,
And mercy for a faith deceived !
Who, cast upon a briny rock,
His household gods beside him thrown,
Hung o’er the unheeded breaker’s shock,
With all the wide ocean round him strown,
Hath watched beyond the horizon’s bend
The sinking Ship’s tall yards descend,
Till lessening ’fore the active blast,
As the wild curlew’s their wings sweep past,
Has felt in the hissing Waters’ thrall,
That fabled Sea-worm towards him crawl—
A dull monotonous *creeping* sense
Of Uselessness and the hoar Immense !
So, o’er the Grave of his first Love,
Whom Death hath vintaged in Noon-day,

Who hath pressed the turf with osiers rove,
And looked and wept the hour away—
Has realised what those who feel
Are throughly pierced as if by steel!
A pang, beyond his own worst fears,
Too big for words, too deep for tears,
The pang of Happiness disowned!
As led in triumph might o'erwhelm
The Despot of a conquered realm,
To know his monarchy dethroned;
Could dire Sicilian Lords invent
Worse craft the body to torment,
Red caverns of the Brazen bull
Emit a low more pitiful,
Than thus to stand exposed, o'erthrown,
And feel it idleness to groan?"

XI.

"Yea Worst 'tis, when our pillared Hope
Dejected from its lofty scope,
Familiar crowds press round and scan
The crushed and abject partisan!
The Rabble thus, that joined to mount
The fortunes of a broken Count,
Cry "out!" upon his fallen state,
Who planned more wise than fortunate.

Be sure! the Inscription of a fall
Lies trite and legible to all;
The dullest, merest passer-by
Can moralise its History.
Alas! yet why alas? for still
We suffer but a mortal ill.
Rather for me may the night wind howl,
And let me sadden in its scowl,
Commit my cares to the empty wind,
And with its lulls a respite find!
In silent majesty of grief,
The Titan on the Scythian Reef
Waits till no younger gods are nigh,
To pour on Earth and Air his cry,
To the ministering Oceanides,
And swift-winged Gales' light sympathies,
His vial of dauntless wrath unseals,
And many-dimpled Floods appeals."

XII.

" Still as the noiseless shuddering
Of the Seas flapped with the South's wet wing;
Dark as the clouds collected frown,
Before the storm-fiend rushes down;
His face deep buried in his hands,
Plunged in his grief th' Ascetic stands.

Save for quick starts that wring his frame,
And working tears that through them came,
Launched effortless in Vacancy,
As if his soul, in last release,
Had treasured in a calm decease,
The rapture of Euthanasy!
Once waved a light hand o'er his way,
And, "Go in peace," One seemed to say.
Soft as the warm shower from above,
The tear drops of repentant love;
Mild as the Mid-Earth's central tide
Heaves Woman's breast its fall to hide!
In their own pure affectionate sense,
They form a model excellence;
And though the likeness proves untrue,
And every feature fades from view,
Till all resemblances depart,
With the bland childlike confidence
Of unsuspecting Innocence,
They fold their Image to their heart!"

XIII.

"Lost Kathleen! for thy woe's soft claim,
Sweet Lovers sigh to hear thy name,
So may their course more prosperous be,
And equal but thy Verity!"

There be, true Mourners too, that dread
To lift the cerements of the dead ;
Prefer to embalm each lively trace,
Than gaze upon the sunken face.
So cast our skilful hands a cloak
O'er Heads bowed down by Sorrow's stroke !
In silence veil the quivering tear,
And draw the heart's heavy folds more near !
By watch forepined and fasting worn,
He lived to bless, but lived to mourn ;
If pity for the Dead can move,
Or there be any truth in Love !"

XIV.

" So raged his grief, whose new-made bride
Would scale the giddy mountain's side ;
She too would tempt Saint Kevin's Bed,
And stand where winsome Kathleen fled.
But whilst she clomb the slippery track,
All in an heap, aghast and stiff,
She from the abutment drew aback,
Reeled o'er the unparapetted cliff !
In vain the Guides her steps recal,
Her wretched Lover saw her fall ;
Then shrieked the affrighted nuptial train
Their Hymeneal altered strain !

Rose the loud female Ulaloo !
Why leave thy Mother's side and home ?
Is it to this that Thou should'st come ?
But over all a single cry
Sprang like the Raven's croak on high ;
Her body from the deep they drew,
Whilst turned with muffled sweep and slow,
As men in trance they seemed to row !
Then better dwell in House of mourning,
Than with vain joys our brows adorning,
In trembling live than die in fear ;
Hope seldom comes, its end is near !"

XV.

" Ah me !"—his words now thickly swell,
With a burst of grief irrepressible ;
" Ah me ! Sad Memory's dismal beck,
While hectic tints the twilight fleck,
Minded of late of one pale face,
The face of one I used to know,
Suffused with such a vanid trace
Of luminous scales, that seemed to grow
More spiritual as life drew low.
Not softer purple Light's expanse,
Than played upon thy countenance ;
The dying squamour of the skies,

Than sank in dark ring of those eyes—
Now brightening up to unhopèd-for cure,
Like a corpse-candle's sudden fit,
In death now fading, slow but sure,
As if a thick vail covered it;
Till quenched in the dull grave, no more
Those wasted orbs my soul explore;
Those uncomplaining lips more wreath
Each flowery plan we raised beneath,
With pious fraud illude our health,
And pine in secret, droop by stealth!
What is this life? from Hades' gates
A simple breath but separates,
From all we long yet fear to know
A pulse's beat—an artery's throë;
Drifts as a lost waif to the shore,
Shoals on the heart, and—all is o'er!
So frail partition life divides,
Soon passed the Irremeable tides!
A lizard-plot, a tressled plank,
In mural vaults, a primrose bank .
In a quiet Shawe, where the villagers
In summer's long Evënings converse,
And the children in sport the wet cowslips wreath
Nor heed of their equals that slumber beneath;

For here all resemble ! Whose word was of might,
And plans were unbounded, now shrunken and
slight;
Whose name was of weight, now cast lightly
away,
Like the yellow weeds woven by children at play !
And they themselves shall soon lie there,
The young, the beautiful, and fair !

XVI.

Then with his plaint I 'gan to yearn :
" Those Times will never come again,
Oh could the volume of your brain
Restore them wholly, or unlearn,
The time, when half unconsciously
Ye shrank from the fair company ;
As who through the haunted devious brake
Roam ignorant of the road they take,
And hear the vexed Wraith chide,
Nor could you tell from whence ye started,
Nor how ye met, nor where ye parted—

" 'Twill ne'er return," he sigh'd,
Yet but for garnering thoughts o'ertaken,
Like murmuring of a Brook forsaken ;

And but for the weft of speech that fell,
Broken and leisurely as the spell
The Egyptian weaves, a vague delusion
Full of sweet wonder and confusion—
Behold the white harbingering spray
Along the rippling billow's stream !
So might her spirit's lightning play
Forerunner of Death's waters seem !"

XVII.

" No greater pain they say is left,
No finer anguish here,
Than flows from happy days bereft,
And gathers in their tear ;
Yet not for all the rest you'd choose
Those baneful reveries to lose.

The bigot Heart to Affliction wed
Obeys its buried troth ;
Rests fondly with the comfort fled,
Nor seeks another oath.
But like that weary pilgrim yearns
For the absent charm that ne'er returns.

In vain they flock to the Holy Well,
And woo the unruffled Spring,

They make their rounds, and rosaries tell,
And votive offerings bring;
It smiles as calmly as of yore,
But all the Grace hath left the Shore!"

XVIII.

"Sorrow! I wot, thou can'st deride,
With blighting sickness' wasting power,
Fond woman's amiable pride,
And gentle reign of her bright hour.
The smooth brow crossed with anguish-streaks,
And faded roses on her cheeks,
The smile, though sweet, still all subdued,
Too truly tell thy visit rude!
To have been for ever by her side,
The friend, companion, guardian, guide;
Have gloried in the right divine
Which made Her wholly only mine;
Derived from Her, fresh impulse born,
To rouse to hope or shake off scorn—
'Twas a fair dream, but let it pass!
Cut down while sparkling like the grass,
Its roscid globules loosed in air,
Before Earth's taint could settle there!
Alas! to have seen Thee, and for seeing
Have felt Thee grow a part of Being,

Have known how good and dear Thou wert
Is all that rests of thy desert!
So waned that blithe delighted child,
Like a flaccid Snow-drop undefiled,
Which worn upon a maid's pure breast
Sinks in its fair and holy rest.

* * * * *

The full depths of a dark blue eye
Once raised to our own in last assent,
Transcends the world's vain sympathy;
'Tis angels with our Nature blent.

The tacit pressure of an hand,
The sinking bosom's hurried swell,
The sigh we only understand,
The force of eloquence excel.

* * * * *

The exhausted vase on each part wears
A portion of Sabæan airs;
The frankincense may fragrance want,
Not till uprooted falls the plant;
The rose lie scentless on the shelf,
When only withered first itself;
And true-love from This heart exhale—
But ne'er till fled the vital gale!

XIX.

With this brake up our scattered colloquy;
Tears burst upon his voice; he quickly strode
Away from me to the humble hostelry,
Where in sad ease we constantly abode;
Here end my notes of his Love's Episode,
Connected loosely in my faltering strain;
The light that in the upper casement glow'd
No more darts cross-wise through the latticed
pane,
As if he slept in peace, or dreamed his woes
again!

END OF CANTO III.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1, page 74, line 18.

His pensive mistress Melancholy.

"I was not a little troubled with this malady; shall I say mistress Melancholy, my Egeria or my malus Genius."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Note 2, page 75, line 21.

The fair-begotten Coemghine.

His name is variously spelt by the old hagiologists. "St. Coemgenus shall next be spoken of in Latine, as much as to say, *pulchrogenitus*. He was ordered by Bishop Ligidus, and led an heremiticall life in a cell, in a place of old called Cluayn-Duach, where he was borne and brought up; this place is now called Glen-da-loch, i.e. Vallis duorum Stagnorum."—*Hanmer's Chronicle of Ireland*, (p. 120). Hence the see was called Episcopatus Bistagniensis; it contained, according to Ware, "almost all the country about Dublin, so that when the Diocese of Dublin was formed, it extended but little beyond the walls of the town, which Cardinal Paparo remedied by uniting Glendaloch to it; A.D. 1215." The turbulent chiefs of the district, however, did not acknowledge the authority of the English archbishops, for nearly three hundred years afterwards, when Friar Dennis White, the last incumbent, made a formal cession of the

see, A.D. 1497. There existed at the same time an abbacy here, and it was richer than the bishoprick. St. Kevin lived 120 years, and died on the 3rd of June, A.D. 618, which day is still celebrated by the peasantry from all parts of the country.

Note 3, page 76, line 4.

Their faint track up the obdurate flint.

The guides show the trace of Kathleen's footprints on the face of the rock.

"Si non è vero, è ben trovato."

Note 4, page 77, line 24.

Tame merle had once with mosses lined.

These marvels are graphically set forth by Giraldus Cambrensis, whom I have closely followed in these instances.

Note 5, page 78, line 19.

The sick youth's pining thirst to slake.

Colgan assigns this miracle to St. Berach, who was a disciple of St. Kevin, and afterwards prior of the monastery: the "youth" was Foilan, the son of Colman, king of Leinster. For St. Berach's victory over the magicians sent by the royal stepmother to slay the prince with their incantations, and for his wonderful journey from the glen, escorted by a stag sent by Kevin, the reader is referred to his life in the "Acta Sanctorum."

Note 6, page 78, line 23.

With restless claw and foodless maw.

Giraldus Cambrensis (apud '*Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*,' p. 424) writes: "Sed circa villam et ecclesiam cum magno clamore volantes, eodem die," (die solemnatis Sancti) "tam a requie suspenduntur quam a refectiōe."

Note 7, page 82, line 16.

The Druid's fatal rocking-stone.

These stones are sometimes found along with the cromlechs and Druid altars. Pliny describes a similar one;—"Juxta Harpasa oppidum Asiæ cautes stat horrenda, uno digito mobilis; eadem, si toto corpore impellatur, resistens.—Lib. II. xcvi.

Note 8, page 85, line 21.

*The rabble thus that joined to mount
The fortunes of a broken Count.*

This truism would seem to wear a peculiar significance in the present times; but the passage itself, and the chief part of the poem, has been composed almost the prescribed Horatian period.

Note 9, page 86, line 5.

*Alas! yet why alas? for still
We suffer but a mortal ill!*

Οἱμοι τί δ'οἱμοι; θνητὰ τοι πεπόνθαμεν.

EURIP. *Fragment. Beller.* xxiv.—(Dindorf.)

The beauty of the Hippolytus must cause us to regret the loss of this tragedy, which we may conjecture, from the similarity of the story, would have proceeded on the same plan. This was a favorite quotation of Dr. Johnson.

Note 10, page 89, line 11.

In trembling live than die in fear.

What a mournful earnestness is there in poor Antigone's resolve:—

ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος

ὄν δ'εἶ μ' ἄρεσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε

ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι.—1. 87.

Note 11, page 92, line 9.

No greater pain they say is left.

“Nessun maggior dolore,
Nessuna miseria che ricordarsi
Del tempo preterito felice.”

DANTE.

Note 12, page 92, line 15.

*“The bigot Heart to Sorrow wed
Obeys its buried truth.*

See the same play, l. 815.

δυστ' ἐπινυμφιδίος

Πω μέ τις ὕμνος,

ὑμνησεν, ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω.

The impression of our “English Rachel” in this part is still present in our minds. Shakespeare has carried out the idea :—

“Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.”

Romeo and Juliet.

Note 13, page 92, line 21.

In vain they flock to the holy well.

There is an holy well here, and a religious station or patron on the anniversary of the Saint; but the observance has declined.

Note 14, page 94, line 15.

The exhausted vase on each part wears.

So Phædrus, (Lib. III. Fab. 1.) moralizes, with some elegance :—

“O suavis anima! quale in te dicam bonum,
“Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ.”

Canto IV.

THE CHASE.

"So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry!"

DENHAM.

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The Chase.

I.

The starry Shapes in fuller choir
Involve the balanced maze of fire ;
Their Bacchant spheres to earth attune,
While nearer wheels the orgied Moon !
Thus Revel-lamps emerge in the Hall,
When lively beams imparted
Break up the merry festival,
And darkness shadows over all
The flower of joy departed.
No more their flash with ray more pure
Shall Beauty's liquid haze obscure,
Tabor, or Cornet's wreathing gale
Inflect the modulated scale ;
As treads the Banquet's echoing floor
The last impress of Pleasure,
The moon-lit wave with hollow roar
Trips on the solitary shore,
A sharp and plaintive measure !

The Stars were trembling in the stream,
When He: " Sweet Lights of the Supreme,
Ye myriad stars, whose shining Host
Survey this unfrequented coast,
With sacred cabalistic line,
The Firmament's brazen table sign;
In radiant horoscope narrate
The inscrutable decrees of Fate.
If each with nascent Genius burns
To minister to Man's concerns,
And some among your stationed band
Preside o'er this Woe-leaguered Land,
With flaming two-edged sword debar
The affinities of stellar jar;
Let Mars ascend the House of Love,
And Saturn's leaden sway reprove,
Malignant Planet's contact blight,
Or hide our shame in endless Night!
Who have long in ranks averse arrayed
A monstrous portent been displayed;
Æther of God! shall evermore
The red loam fatten with our gore.
Let the Earth confound our mutual hate,
Our hearts' blood fraternise the State!
Avert, Bright Twins, their venal craft,
Who fill the cup of Sorrows quaff,

And pour afresh each noxious hour,
To eke their miserable power.
Dwells Peace in all their juggling cant,
True freedom with the Sycophant?
When angry clouds the skies deform,
Rolls the fierce Anarch of the Storm;
But when some grave Voice stills the flood,
And strews like oil the people's mood,
Floats halcyon Ease with joy to Man,
Whilst dives the swollen Leviathan!"

II.

" Still may a warning Protest fly,
Though it must babble of distress;
Like Night-birds shrieking 'cross the sky,
'Twill warn the Sails too full that press.
Oh! could our Rulers understand
The signals of a foundering Land!
As the heaving bosom of the Seas
Long after owns the breeze that's fled,
From the inmost depths stirred by the breeze
Still fluctuates its ridgy bed,
So strain her shrouds, and groans her mast,
And reels her prow with pressure past!"

III.

“ Sweet is the sense of solitude !
This privacy of Earth and Heaven,
In thought's still intercourse imbued,
And mountained round in Autumn-Even.
Soft breath of Night, as pure as sails
From happy Yemen's spicy vales,
Lake clear as Zemzem's holy well,
Land bright as Eden ere it fell !
As if these dazzling scenes so rare
Were but a sensual charm, to ensnare
Man's gloomy impulse to despoil,
And blend his ruin with the soil.
That Giant-fissure of the rocks
Hath thrilled with wrath's tumultuous shocks,
The chancelled waste and hermit glen
Become the wolves' pit and robbers' den.
Nor worse can cloud-slung Leven's stroke,
Which twists like withes the seated oak,
And with its saplins rives the White Ash,
The splintered Rock's deep basement gash ;
Than headlong bolts of fury scar
Hearts seared to the elemental war,
Rage harrows with a fixed grimace
The Maker's image in man's face,



And round its victim's blasted way
Draws the haggard circle of Dismay !
Nor strikes the whole waste of Lissa's town,
The walls raked, crushed, and trodden down,
Choked fountain, and strown pediment,
The pillar nodding to its fall,
With broken shaft and capital,
As Marius sitting bowed and bent ;
Thrice happy if at the height of pride
He on his Teuton rhede had died !

IV.

“ As o'er grim tapestry attack
Their antlered lord, Actæon's pack,
Inwoven on each flank to hang,
And rend his throat with red-guled fang ;
Or where along the faded thread
The unbarking fates on the Argive tread,
If light draughts sweep the pannelled wall,
And sway the rout fantastical,
The blatant hounds, quaint hunters' cheer,
And blowing hart alive appear ;
And all the old cunning of the loom
Incites the Gallery's moving gloom !
In such a drear connexion spun,
I see a Race before me run ;

No mimic course in presence tost,
A life the prize, or won or lost !
Here too the avenging Furies guide
Another—public parricide ;
Like cerf transformed, he cleaves the view,
Resounds the exulting ‘ view, halloo !’
I mark him well, though many a year
Hath rolled between him and his fear,
The yell of the human pack refills
The amphitheatre of hills !
And now he gains the summit, now
Slides reckless down the shelving brow,
And skulks in Kevin’s cave ;
Where fasting Anchoret knelt in pray’r,
The crouching felon makes his lair,
Strikes the rock raftered roof of stone
Deep ban, or wilder orison,
Nor long though blest ’twill save !
On, on, with forward cry and hue,
Urge on the slot the unfoiling mew,
Thread out the rugged mountain chine,
And round the embrazured nook recline.

V.

“ Hemmed in, at bay,—above, the foe,—
Bluff precipice and Lake below,—

So forth again, worn, pallid, mute,
He totters o'er irresolute,
A moment with long agony fraught,
When on the sharpened sense distraught
This pleasant life and beauteous Earth
Intensely rush in all their worth;
Ne'er known before, and now too late,
As if in mockery felt,
The wretch's loss to aggravate,
And fortitude to melt;
Such intervals as 'yond our wont,
With the age of one brief day
With wrinkles plough the curly front,
And turn its ringlets gray;
The sovereign light of Reason dim
Blind sparkling eyes with tears,
Can cripple the precocious limb,
And speed the work of years!
Still shook his fist, and with hoarse cry,
As the heron's cast, he flings from high,
And strikes to the opposite strand;
None dare to hurl, whom no Fates goad,
Down such descent their desperate load;
They line the beach, they launch a boat;
But ere its bench is mann'd,

The martial hunt is well afloat,
The quarry scours the land.
No pause! no stay! the beach they spurn,
And hound their prey through every turn;
More faintly cheers the phantom-chase,
Each ghastly Suitor fades apace;
And as on scared Chiassa's shore,
When glode by baleful Theodore,
Earth disencumbered of the sight
Shines forth relieved with purer light."

VI.

"Hast been, when hunting Morning breaks,
On M'Gillicuddy's cloud-barred Reeks?
Hath misty Torc and Mangerton
With trembling rosy palm undone,
Green Mucruss abbeyed in the Lake,
And Castle-Rosse's hollied moat,
Sweet Inisfallen's arbute brake,
Peal to the bugle's cheery note,
Down Dunlo's gap the alert din reels,
The Eagle's Nest its echo peals!
Close sobs the stag before the wind,
And fast the panting burst behind;
He nears the Lake with straining lunge—
All in one stream together plunge;

Wide float o'er Glenna's lovely way
The huntsman's mort and hound's deep bay !
When will this Series cease accurst,
These active horrors flag ?
When rest a land for peace athirst
As ever wounded stag ?"

VII.

" Land, I admit, did ne'er defile
This plague-spot as our own doomed Isle.
Revenge in single efforts strong,
Which neither art nor means prolong,
Like wild beasts baffled in their spring,
Falls in th' o'erreach of its own fling !
Howl, wretched land, by war o'erblast !
Break forth to lamentation !
Thou most whom civil war shall blast,
Weep, fair and sinful nation !
Its savage and insidious strife
Contaminates the springs of life,
With lasting violation !
E'en at the threshold's lintelled rows,
In hate's dear gripe false kinsmen close ;
Though every stab that either guides,
Must pierce, through the other's riven sides,
Some throbbing love, whose social veins
That rival's ebbing life-tide drains !

So when, a guilty land to purge,
At Heaven's behest war lifts its scourge,
Man's brutal passions' sickening shock
Blasts all between, like fell Siroc !
Those hearts their honour's purest well
Corrupted with dark humours swell :
Land, whose lodestar attracts on high
The sphere of their nativity,
O'er earth's round compass points the port
Where manhood's circling hopes resort,
Where old age breathes its latest sigh,
In peace at last composed to lie,
Whose bosom held their Fathers' grave,
They should have rather died to save ;
That land their own unnatural raid
Hath cursed, and a desert made !
Though War Earth's covert shades impeach,
Unfading laurels fill the breach ;
The maiden's cheek though mourning blanch,
Her Lover's praise her wound shall staunch ;
But woe the Land bleak havoc stains,
The grief whose pity shame constrains !
Smit in their Wrath's unholy pride,
They fester by the four-way-side ;
Them shall the mantling cairn oppress,
And tares bestrew their stony dress !"

VIII.

“ Alas! For the Heart that inly bleeds
With the eager prickings of Remorse
May scout the smart of acrid weeds,
Defy the briar’s factitious force;
The venom of the soul’s disease
Is proof against such drugs as these,
Wears its own subtle sting, pang, thorn,
And poisoned thoughts that image scorn!
So if o’ertaken in their sin,
They met a felon’s fate,
It little boots what robe within
Its penalty they wait.
Oh Liberty! name much abused,
Esteemless Good, which once refused,
Like Sibyl gifts, will ne’er return,
Nor in our lives nor conscience burn;
Not violence nor fear displaced thee,
Thou left’st the cold shrine that disgraced thee;
And never was their slight forgiven
Who scorned the priceless boons of Heaven!
Yet once again our Fortune be
Heaven’s Arbiter, Earth’s Sympathy!
Stablish our hearts on Truth’s firm base,
And chain thy footsteps to the old trace——”

IX.

“ Go ! much remains to be unlearned,
Ere Freedom is a Verity ;
Much rage to frankness to be turned,
Intriguing to sincerity ;
Harsh truths by pure lips boldly stated,
A public spirit to be created.
Shake off the witchcraft of your soul,
Blind demagogues’ perverse control,
Bid Faction’s broken Idols scowl,
Flung darkling to the bat and owl !
In revolutionary blood
Flows firm resolve, the attempered mood ?
Can brawling tongue and cruel hand
Allay the troubles of the land ?
’Tis prudence dares to victory—
Dream not of other liberty !”

X.

Then, as if smitten with our wrong,
His thoughts poured onward in full song ;
And as the thrifty pastor leads
The gushing rill to infuse the meads,
And copes its marge with beds of thyme,
I have shaped their course to fall in rhyme !

“ Oh, could I tune my harp, as yore
Poor Byron sang in the Isles of Greece,
I would raise my voice on Erin’s shore,
And bid her tribulations cease ;
But not to us such flow is given,
Though deep our heart her rod hath riven.

“ The old heroes by the Ægean tide,
Which washes now another race,
Sleep in those fields for which they died ;
Time has not changed their resting-place ;
The same blue strait, same cloudless sky
Shines o’er and bathes their tumuli !

“ And here heaped up by many hands,
Where rests our Champion from his toil,
The Barrow broad a view commands
Of greenest fields, the native soil !
And shamrocks link their triple stem
With holy crosses over them.

“ Thrice glorious is the Patriot’s end,
Who o’er his cloven buckler lies,
Whilst on his conquering comrades bend
The last looks of his swimming eyes ;
Not peacefuller the frugal swain
Salutes in death his homely reign.

“ Slight shame, if all but honour lost,
Slight pain, if peace and glory found,
Each struggles bravely at his post,
Or sinks like Lovers on their wound ;
As Arria from her sore-pierced side
Drew out the *painless* steel, and died !

“ May their immortal strife be blest,
Who freely offer heart and hand,
And burning valour of their breast,
On the altar of the Father-land :
And nobly warm, or wept expire
With hearth and temple's captive fire !

“ Our lot is fallen on peaceful days,
What subject left for poet's verse ?
A nobler war—ourselves to raise,
The trophies of defeat reverse,
Or in the moral conquest bide
Unvanquished on the losing side !

“ By the hilted cross upon *this* sword,
Swear to the compact of the Free ;
By every precious name ador'd
Assert your unanimity !
Still left behind, the goal scarce past,
For others' gain your Sun stood fast.

“ The mighty minds of times gone by,
The Grattan, Curran, Burke, and Flood,—
Whom have ye left to exhort, reply,
And dash official hardihood?
How might our name engraved descend,
Well-doer, Citizen, and Friend!

“ Ierne, thy departed Rome
Is gone o’er to the Byzantine;
Thy senate throngs Sophia’s dome,
Thy navies sweep the broad Euxine;
Thou pourest thine oil, and milk, and corn,
Sad commerce! in the Golden Horn.

“ Thy palaces—a mimic court,
Thy marts—a destituted maze,
Thy forum—mercenaries’ resort,
And Penury in all thy ways;
The stately mansions of thy lords
Scarce entertain the lazar hordes!

“ Shall light that spread out from this glen,
The light that furthest regions hailed,
The light of Sages, Saints, and Men—
Be like a sickly taper paled?
I dare not sing on such a strain:
Take back the Harp assumed in vain!”

XI.

“What makes a country?”

“Not her towns,

Bold cliffs, or ramparts’ bristling frowns;

Her mooring Arms’ secure confines,

Rich ores, or ocean’s teeming mines,

The partial clime and generous plain,

Nor navigable rivers’ main,

Not numbers, though the abundant swarm

Infest like locusts to deform!

Wave, wall, and climate, land and shore,

This Wealth have Millions, yet are poor!

’Tis not mere instinct of the soil,

That stupid Ox feels loosed from moil,

Blind reverence for natal skies,

Or chance regard of local ties;

’Tis nobler than a Parent’s pride,

With wider range than home allied—

To single from the whole Human race

One Woe, a Nation’s, to solace,

Diffuse self in the Common Weal,

A multiplied existence feel;

Partakers of each grand advance

That tends to exalt the inheritance!

To call our home the People’s stand,

Our brethren, all the Sacred band,

Our omen, with undaunted might
To strive for freedom and the right:
Arise in all your majesty!
'Tis public Arts, Opinion's force,
'Tis Union, Order, and Resource—
'Tis civil and sacred liberty!
Such signs as nerved in Troy's defence
The noblest Son of Priam's suspense;
Though grew Andromache on his arms,
Frail Helen weeps in all her charms,
Sinister Auguries blot the sky,
His Country only meets his eye;
Though Powers malign his path oppose,
He only sees his Ilion's foes.
Hence the wily Greek, who, through each zone,
The various mind of man had known,
Rejects for the Ithacencian Isle
The Syrens' song, Calypso's smile;
His rocky homestead's smoke to espy,
Prayed in simplicity to die!
And the Emigrant, if hap to arise
Stray native notes 'neath other skies,
Some fitt of the 'Irish Melodies'
O'er waters rippling on the breeze,
With every tone a tear combines,
And for his vale Lagenian pines.

XII.

“ Oh, should there be that colony,
Some Western Islet bright,
Where blooms our antient Honour free
In scenes of fresh delight !

“ Nor want, nor fear, can enter near
O'Basil's myrtle glades ;
But Malachi leans on his spear,
'Midst kings' and heroes' shades.

“ Such wild extremes, life's fever dreams,
With parched and quivering lip,
Of painted lawns, and cooling streams
It ne'er shall live to sip !”

XIII.

“ Our Auburn leaves its lovely vales,
Its straw-roofed cot and lowly dales ;
They take their children in their hand,
To grow up on a foreign strand ;
Behind the wain that holds their all,
Slow drags the living funeral !
Breeze, Ocean breeze ! Ah where away
Wilt thou Care's fugitive convey ?

To what new world shall settlers flee,
Oppressed with dull serenity?
Alas, o'er Heavens of deepest blue
The clouded heart transmits its hue,
Through citron groves of balmiest Air
Inhales the nausea of despair!
Though mountains roll, and ocean gapes,
No Exile from himself escapes.
But not to excite the pampered mood,
These change their home for the hewn backwood,
Their cottage for the howling Waste,
To gratify each finer taste:
Their scanty stock-purse scarce exceeds
Each vulgar Want's incurious needs.
With shrunk scrip and staff in hand,
The Missionaries of Labour land;
No smirking Menials, well-pleased host,
The arrival on the wharves accost;
No hospitable Inn awaits
Their coming to throw back its gates;
By pity of the poorer sort,
They are hustled in the narrow court,
And sick with travel and novelty,
Lead on their little family!
So may we ne'er too late deplore
Sons planted thus on the hostile shore,

Their dire return ne'er deprecate,
And stretch our hands—too late, too late!

XIV.

“ Yet worse their pain who vainly smile,
And lose their own unhappy Isle;
Ignobly proud and idly great,
Who sit at other nations' gate,
With strange tire, fashionably gay,
The home-sickness of their heart array,
Beat down each jealous thwarting claim,
And hew their path to alien fame.
How hath the Sires' offence descended,
And from the o'er-flowing bowl
How hath young Mirth in misery ended,
And bitterness of soul!
Oh might a Royal Virtue fall
On us as the deceitful Gaul—
Restore each office of the state,
Each forfeit title recreate,
And call her nobles to her feet
From many a distant shore,
As in our hearts here fix her seat,
Till Erin wept no more!”

XV.

Here rest we for one other flight;
The stars were trembling in the stream,
Our own thoughts, sobered o'er with doubt,
Reflect no ray of all the gleam
Which, hung above, around, about,
Their boundless glory held that night!
If it be true, as some folk tell,
In each bright globe an angel dwell,
Thy spirit in its wheeling dance
Shrined in eternal radiance,
From mansions of ætherial light
May now flash on my mortal sight,
Shine in the tear that falls to thee,
And tremble with moist sympathy.

To her own fair orb the moon doth catch
What rays on Earth serenely float;
In shadow melts each lustrous patch
Which erst the wide spotted pavement note.
Shriek no more, vain and tedious Rote!
Night rushes down, all things at rest
To death-like sleep the pause devote,
Or dreams that toss the wavy breast,
And flush the spell-bound cheek with languor
prest!

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note 1, page 104, line 24.

Our heart's blood fraternise the state.

This word has since become popular, in a corrupt sense:—

ἔν δὲ γαίᾳ ζῶα
φονοῦντόν τε μέμικται
κάρτα δ' εἰς ὕμαιοι.—ÆSCH. S. C. *Th.* 940.

Note 2, page 106, line 13.

The Giant-fissure of the rocks.

There is a land-slip or rift in the cliff, vulgarly assigned by local report to the trenchant blade of Fin Mac Comhal, who left this cut by way of sword-exercise! The Giants hold the same place in our legendary mechanism as the Cyclops or Titans in classic mythology, and the Genii of Eastern Fable. To them an easy credulity refers the dark and colossal structures of an unrecorded antiquity. Such were the ruins of Balbec, the walls of Mycenæ, and some of our antient remains. The original term “Gigantes”(γίγνω,) is a mere generic epithet meaning the “originators,” or rather perhaps “aborigines.” When the country people speak of these monuments being the work of the Danes, it is obviously with a confused notion of the (Tuatha-de) Danaans, whom Petrie, in a tract in the Ordnance Survey of Londonderry, (I. 231) supposes to bear, even in name, a remarkable affinity with the Titans (τίτανες, Dor. Gen.) He quotes from an old Irish MS. “Of this people were the Tuatha-Dee, and their gods; and of their descent the learned know nothing; but on account of

their wisdom and knowledge, they believe them to be of those who were banished from Heaven." Now the probable etymology of the term Titan, (τίταινες, *ulisci, pœnas sumere*, Steph.) 'The Punished,' would seem to support this relation.

Note 3, page 106, line 16.

Become the wolves' pit and robbers' den.

In a letter "Concerning the Palls," sent into Ireland by Cardinal Paparo, for the purpose of annexing this see to the metropolis, as alluded to in a former note, Felix O'Ruadan, the then Archbishop of Tuam, (Twemensis) testifies:—"Nunc tamen ita deserta est et desolata per quadraginta fere annos, quod de ecclesia facta est spelunca latronum, fovea furum, ita quod plura homicidia committuntur in illa valle quam in alio loco Hiberniæ, propter desertum et vastam solitudinem." This document, which would appear to be written about the year 1214, still exists in the archives of Christ Church Cathedral, and bears the seal of the bishop. Those of his suffragan are crumbled into dust."—*Harris's Ware*, I. 376.

Though the sanctity of the place fell thus early into desuetude, it would seem to have recovered its pristine use and celebrity; for we read in the same author, that the town was burned and destroyed by the English forces so late as the year 1398; so effectually indeed, that few vestiges now remain, though the foundations of various extensive buildings can still be traced, in the confused mass of the rubble and debris, which raise the site of the cathedral so high above the rest of the alluvial plain. This place formerly abounded in wolves; we read in the "Acta" of their attacking the flocks of the monastery.

Note 4, page 107, line 16.

The unbarking fates on the Argive tread.

Thus they slowly discover themselves to Orestes, unseen by the rest, in the last scene of the Choephori, their eyes bleared with blood,

their heads bound with snakes, and their bodies clad in black raiment, till, full of their horror, he exclaims:—

“Σαφῶς γὰρ αἶδε Μητρος ἔγκοροι Κύνες.”

This was a frequent metaphor with the Greek tragedians, to define the vague notion of a fatal Erinnys, pursuing its dark career of retribution through generations of guilt, and urging its victim to the fulfilment of his doom, as the “hound tracks the bleeding fawn,” (*Eumenid.* 246). So Shakespeare:—

“Cry ‘havoc!’ and let slip the Dogs of war!”

A modern novelist has written on the theme of “*Αναγκη*.”

Note 5, page 108, line 4.

Another—public parricide.

The Romans looked on their civism as an household thing, and an attack on the constitution (*res*) as a familiar offence; so we read in the vivid narrative of Sallust:—

“Catilinæ omnes (Patres) obstrepere, hostem atque parricidam vocare.”

But we too have lost the “true appellation of affairs,” and intending liberty, name licentiousness.

Note 6, page 112, line 27.

——— *stony dress.*

Αδύον ἔσσο χιτῶνα.—HOMER.

Note 7, page 115, line 24.

——— *his homely reign.*

“Post aliquot (mca regna!) videns mirabor aristas.”—VIRGIL.

Note 8, page 117, line 7.

*Ierne ! thy departed Rome
Is gone o'er to the Byzantine.*

The imperial palace of the Constantines, whither the throne of the Cæsars was transferred, lay along the Bosphorus, beside the Hippodrome, (the Atmeidan of the Turks) with which it was connected by a stair-case, which still exists. In this Atmeidan, afterwards, the Sultan Achmet built the famous Mosque of St. Sophia. — See GIBBON'S Description of Constantinople, *Decline and Fall*, cap. 17, note 50.

Note 9, page 117, line 15.

Thy forum mercenaries' resort.

This is said with no disrespect to the Honourable Company ; but compare the passages in Sir Jonah Barrington, where Grattan rises to move, in the most effective and luminous speech ever delivered in the Irish Parliament, the famous Declaration of Rights, when, to usher in that sumptuous delusion, (as it proved,) the capacious gallery supported on Tuscan pillars, round the base of the magnificent rotunda beneath a grand and lofty dome, was filled with nearly seven hundred breathless auditors : whilst the rising generation imbibed the principles of eloquence and freedom, and ladies of the highest rank and fashion, not closeted behind pigeon holes, but looking down in the front row, "gave an animating and brilliant splendour to the entire scene." It would be idle to argue here, from the proof of passing events, the intrinsic inaptitudes which exist towards a renewal of this glorious spectacle in our times. We are constrained, however, to infer, that a different principle would be promoted, and other influences represented, than what gave lustre of position, firmness of sentiment, and freedom of speech to that much cited assembly.

Note 10, page 117, line 19.

Shall light that spread out from this glen ?

Archdall, in his *Monasticon*, evidences of these schools (p. 766):—
 “And a seminary was founded, from whence was sent forth many saints,” [Sts. Muchuorog, Berachius, Moliba, nephew of Kevin, Aidan, &c.] “learned bishops, and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion, which in the early ages shone so resplendent throughout this remote and at that time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it.” Mosheim also bears noble and unequivocal testimony to the philosophic spirit of inquiry, which characterised the primitive independent Irish Church, even in the fourth century, and which was diffused by their teachers with applause, in those dark times, throughout every region of Europe.—*Eccles. Hist.* cap. 3, part 2, note 7.

Note 11, page 118, line 5.

Rich ores —

Beside the present metals, tin-mines, [“stannique fodinæ,”] are recorded to have existed in the country.

Note 12, page 120, line 13.

Our Auburn leaves its lovely vales.

Virgil has traced in two lines the connection between civil tumults and expatriation :—

“ ——— Gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum
 Exilio que domos et dulcia limina mutant.”—*Georgics*.

Note 13, page 122, line 15.

How might a royal virtue fall.

This was written at the time of the Queen's visit to France. It might not be thought altogether unreasonable for so main a portion

of the Union to require the occasional residence, in each session, of the imperial parliament, in this isle. Of the dignity and increase to be derived by the metropolis, from restoring to its proper channel some share of the income of the land—by the country at large, from an immediate local direction—and by the members themselves, from a personal investigation of the matters on which they would legislate and advise, slight doubt can be entertained by any reasonable inquirer. Its perfect feasibility might also be demonstrated, while the effect would preclude much brief and crude experimentalism, the Penelopeian weaving of successive vicegerents, and obviate many of the evils which are involved in a separate legislature. It is inconvenient to provincialise too far even a *tributary*, and to sever from it in practice all participation in the economy of its own affairs, at once lowering its spirit, and depriving it of an equal interest in what should be a common result.

Canto V.

THE ROUND TOWER.

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read ?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane harpes work may chalenge for her meed ?
If under Heaven any endurance were
These monuments which not in paper writ—
But in porphyre and marble do appear,
Might well have hoped to have obtained it.—SPENCER.

The Round Tower.

I.

'Twas midnight; o'er the spangled fold
The moon peered faintly, round and cold,
And loomed in the wave. Once more I take
My idle gait beside the Lake.
With Thee begin, oh! snatched too young,
Whilst thy full harp was deepest strung;
Lost Gerald! dear to Iren's muse,
Thy lay poor Kathleen's tomb bestrews
With such a genial harmony,
That all the place seems full of Thee!

Seek no more where late roses bide,
Lags suckle honey-laden,
Nor of the early throstle chide
Above the love-lorn maiden.
As sweet the measures of thy strain,
Above her grave reposing,
As flowers, warm breathing after rain,
Or woodquest's plaintive glosing.

Soft as the serenade will rove
By Arno's gentle river,
Or melts the Spaniard's haughty love
By the sunny Guadalquiver !
A gush of rapture, pure and free
As the Waterfall's low singing,
Runs down the night, right tunefully
Its limpid carol ringing !

Come dwell with me the tombs among,
Bright auspice of my feebler song !

II.

I stood within the unwall'd churchyard,
Midst trampled mounds of kindred clay ;
I saw how, worse than Age, had marr'd
Rude hands the old Cathedral gray ;
And thought within my soul 'twas hard
No reverence should shield decay,
Not e'en religion of the place
Could bless its relics from disgrace !

Shall Stranger's Piety atone
The Manes ingrate sons neglect,
Strew a light dust on the earthless bone,
One expiatory tear inject,

Revere the glories ye disown,
The memories ye *thus* respect,
And not condemn you when ye bow,
Insensible to your first vow?

Memorials of the national loss
Can still attest a living shame;
The fractured coign and armless cross
A stock's degeneracy proclaim,
Who'll leave no blazon to emboss,
No scornful legacy of fame,
No epitaph your sons to accuse,
Nor monument to like abuse!

Well may the Muse Ogygian mourn
Her annals' mutilated lore,
Which time and violence have torn,
But with more woeful gree deplore,
That vestal flame in the hearts outworn
Should guard th' inviolable store,
And keep, like Brigid's holy fire,
Live burning in renewed desire.

III.

So mused I in the old Abbaye;
Then 'neath the Round Tower holds our way.

The topmost leaf of the highest bough
Of the hill-side Ash was sleeping now ;
There stirred no breath of wind to awake
The dreamy stillness of the Lake ;
There light as slumber's trains pursue,
In firmament of *liquid* blue,
The pageant clouds in endless chase
Their airy drift o'er fields of space ;
As in a miniature revealing
A world profound of Heavenly feeling !
Below beats the reciprocal
And sullen flash on the ear
Of the hollow ripple's rise and fall,
In watery cadence drear,
The Shore's dead shell and filaments
And deep-string Woods are lulled with sense
Of repetition sheer :
Not only when the morning Star
To cognate lieges shouts afar,
Breathes music from Earth's sphere ;
Dense numbers through the intricate grove,
And Harmony in speechless love,
Their orbits lean to hear !

IV.

“ See, my friend, Dark Lugduff as high
Menace the borders of the Sky.
And Comaderry milder brave
The inverted welkin's moist concave !
As if the Mount its own steep shore
Waved like a vast crest bending o'er,
Which through the Combat's glittering lines
Far down the tide of battle shines !
The scene how calm, the outstretched raven
Scarce flaps its lazy pinions waven,
The clambering herbage on the wall
Sways listlessly its glossy pall ;
The wary crow may fold its wing,
The rugged tare its 'scutcheon fling ;
Slight reck the Dead their flight or flow !
The breeze that shakes dry bones below,
Of Heaven the first, of Earth the last,
All Flesh shall quicken at the blast !
So lightly, rarely, only few,
Wind up the old paved avenue ;
The place itself appears to breathe
The spirit of the Dead beneath !
Pharpar, Abana, native streams',
The fond, sick, doubting Damascene

More great than sacred Jordan deems.
‘ Can other rivers wash me clean ?’
When shall our hearts expand to Thee,
Majestic Shenan, Inland Sea ?
Oh ! faithful, sinful Sion’s lute,
In captive hands responseless, mute,
And hung by drooping Israel’s daughters
Where willows weep in Babel’s waters,
Though scattered o’er the face of Earth,
And grown the Gentile’s heathen jibe,
They still love Salem in their mirth,
The careful, wretched, downcast tribe !
Till set apart from Sons of men,
Their King shall lead them back again !”

V.

Then he went on to question me,
“ Sunned in the noon’s mid canopy,
Was e’er more gaudy district shown ?
Such masses easel never spread,
By pencil-rays minutely sown
Of purple, blue, and green, and red,
Reflecting bright skies overhead,
Enamelled the open Table-stone,
Or growth of lichen’s pictured bed,

On freckled quartz and schistus strown,
Ephemeral haloes round it shed;
Soft as enamoured hand could trace,
To consecrate a virgin's face,
Enrobe a Saint or Madalene,
Or clear the obscure Venetian scene,
Nor ever wed in gilded frame,
Would rot with likeness of a name!
Could Fancy cull her choicest hoard,
One bold despairing transport dash
The inimitablest neutral flash,
E'er mixed by hazard on the board—
To strike the foam, with a sudden fit,
Of the pawing steed that champs the bit—
That specious hap could ne'er create
A sense unknown, a sight relate!
Select some coexistent spot,
Scene once beheld and ne'er forgot,
Set that 'gainst autumn's mellow sky,
Or 'neath chaste Dian's dovelike eye
Dispense a shifting film of cloud,
Like spousal vail, or maiden-shroud,
If aught associate charm endear
Or grief enhance, transfer it here!
Till views beyond the Limner's stroke
Thine occult sympathies evoke.

VI.

" 'Tis not for the herd that cannot feel,
Ne'er recognise a mute appeal,
Not for the austere the Muse pourtrays
The soul's eliminated gaze,
In wasteful cruise her thought sublimed,
And dissipates in empty rhymes !
Give me a heart all things though small
Delight, as God hath loved us all,—
Adept in the early glade to expand,
And sink with Nightfall o'er the land ;
Content where smoke, in spiral curls,
Home's graceful ensign slow unfurls ;
Which softens with the distant swell
Of village-sounding vesper bell ;
Can kindle with a tale of wrong,
And melt with Pierre's impassioned song !
Still shines one central lucid ring
Beyond the verge the mountains fling ;
The fitful moon at times is felt
To glide along that oval belt,
'Till muffling clouds that drive atween
Their murky barriers intervene,
And Shadow rusheth from the shore,
And meeteth Shadow as before !"

VII.

“ We feel a strange twinge,” I reply,
“ To mark the lustrous jet pass by ;
As if some hope we mused upon,
We muse upon, yet half suspect,
And still, though doubting, can’t reject.
From the chilled heart with it was gone
Some wistful interlude would vanish,
We of ourselves could never banish !
Thus joy its reminiscence crowds
In one brief happy trait,
Which while the rest Oblivion shrouds,
Will ne’er so soon decay.
A glance—a tone, all else forgot,
The fragment of a strain,
Will often shine like that small spot,
And all our light contain.
What though each glimpse as fleetly driven
Be for the moment only given,
And warping but refracted bliss,
Prepare a Sigh’s more deep abyss,
E’en with the Alternative of pain ;
Who would not wish to feel again
As Boys, who climb the glistening height,
To catch the Rainbow leaning there—

While the prism drops hang on the silver birch
tree,

Like the diamonds that *grew* in our young Araby,
When, convinced of the tale of fair Scheherazad,
We could roam in the "Nights" with the restless
Sinbad—

Long toiling in a track of light,
The summit gain, and find all—bare !
Thus though, dissolving on our march,
The promise of the inconstant Arch,
Shrinks one by one each gradual tinge
Of humid Melancholy's fringe ;
So gaily spans that motley bow,
Round every view diversely shown,
We'd ne'er its inane bond forego,
Our brilliant fallacy disown !
For who by Apathy refined
His darling Error once divined,
Found *here* that ravished false delight
Truth's sedulous content requite ?
The Sapience of the worldly wise,
What is it but a formal cheat,
Wit's unimaginative disguise,
A last dull unadorned conceit,
A salt mirage in the arid waste,
A bloom that grates upon the taste,

The fatuous meteor of a mire,
Whose glow allures, but can't inspire?
Ah better perish in our madness
Than waken undeceived to sadness;
From day-dreams of a life awake,
Convicted of a grand mistake!"

VIII.

"Poor busy man," quoth he, "large schemes
Plans in his finite thoughts, and dreams
Of Irids' evanescent wreath,
Till, plucked from view by the hand of Death,
He sinks in the open public stage,
And yields to the idler newer age;
E'en fritter as a garment torn
The precincts of our final bourne,
And mingle with the general lot,
Remote, promiscuous, heeded not!
Nor rivers to their seas aye bend,
Unchanged old ocean's flow,
Whole cities to the grave descend,
And all things die below!
Mark here this mystery revealed:
A City rising from the dead
Breaks up the bands with which 'twas sealed,
And seems to live, but life is fled,

And all activity foredone,
Hath left the frame mere skeleton.
Where now each church? where thy dim crypt,
Cathedral of the Apostles twain?
Discarded gables, roofless, stript,
They moulder in the sun and rain,
Save Kevin's narrow-vaulted fane;
Still from its rustic altar rise
The canton's humble litanies!
And is this all remains of thee,
Saint Saviour's columned priory,
The single standard of a row
That mourns its fellows' overthrow?
Founded on rock, thy Priory
Rests, Temple of the Desert high!
There veils her desecrated face,
Church of our Lady, Mother of Grace!
Round the Ivy-Church green clusterings
Clasp with inseparable rings
Thy mystic Bride's estate,
There wide the e'erlasting portal flings,
Rhefeart, sepulchre of kings,
And lifts to Heaven its gate!"

IX.

“ Rhefeart, in thy crumbling mould
Can fame die like a tale that’s told,
Without a word, a look, a sign,
Old dynasts in the copse recline?
These smooth-clipt stones, vague-scattered wide,
Perchance their honoured ashes hide.
But all uncyphered is the face
That lends to dust its dark embrace,
Nor smiles above the old grave-head,
With mute eulogium on the dead;
Save where one Stone its station keeps,
Records ‘ See here, O’Tuile sleeps!’
But of his peers’ race transitory
No record syllables the glory!
Time was this Vale’s curve bow could twang,
Till the hills with the sharp clamour rang.
Convent and College rambled wide,
E’en by this lake’s deserted side.
Who at thy oracle now explores;
Thou silver winged brooding Mind,
Like Dodonæan dove enshrined,
Have summers of more genial shores
Detained thee, that we ne’er behold
Thine argent pinions dropped with gold?

The Priestess hath her throne forsaken,
No more inspired Madness raves,
Cold lies the fuming tripod slaken,
No acolyte's sweet censer waves."

X.

" They walked in Erin's light of pride;
Now rest low on the vale's dark side.
Or who shall pierce the symbolled plinth,
Track the Ogham's dœdal labyrinth,
And drag to light what monster power
Guards the entrance of the old Round Tower?
Whether a warden o'er the plain,
A warrior's tomb, in battle slain,
Memorial pile with high event,
Like fickle Absalom's pillar hent,
Which stands in Shevah's kingly dale,
Lone witness of a mournful tale!
Tall perch of self-immured Stylite,
Free-masoned Ararat of Arkite—
When Man's whole family from the Flood
On Earth's dry apex rescued stood,
And turning to idolatry,
Raised emblems of remembrance high—
The magian's elemental fire,
A phallic type—or Christian spire?

Sure 'twas a pleasant sight to see,
On some fine sabbath day,
The fair and goodly company
Assembled here to pray ;
Spread o'er, in groups, the brambled fell,
To each wild chapel throng,
Whilst rang the old Campanile's clear knell
Its own sweet marriage-song !
Systems in turn obtain and fall,
But the old Round Tower outlasts them all.
Solid in unity, whole, unknown,
Masts as a pine its tapering cone,
Sombre in grandeur seems to raise
The grand thought of departed days ;
As some gray Elder of the people,
Lifts o'er the Church its patriarch steeple ;
Or as transfixed to the end of Time,
A giant stood fast in the act to climb !
A preacher, or a muse,
'Twill mourn beside the sordid waste,
The unpeopled streets, and vills defac'd,
And weep in the Evening dews ;
Its secret grief to none discover,
But guard it like a shamefaced lover,
Till Pyramids shall own their founder,
And there be nothing left to wonder,
Naught that conceals, or rues !"

XI.

“ Beneath its feet the joyless Dead,
Clouds’ rare pavilion o’er its head;
Fast by the Antient monastery
It minishes its stony age;
So melts the pile of Glory’s page
And dwindles in obscurity!
Who hears how Scythic Partholan
The Book of Invasions began
Nemedians on the strand defied,
Fomorian’s pirate clan;
Nor heed the rising of the tide,
So hot the action ran?
Of Sea-king banners flashing green,
Where Western cliffs their breastwork bare
And heads that drip in middle air,
’Gainst hurricanes that lead on frantic
The crested host of the whole Atlantic—
Oft by the Sailor’s night-watch seen,
Whilst sounds of fear and mortal shocks
Reverberate on the wounded Rocks!
How five Chiefs from the Achæan main,
From hewing wood and drawing water,
Led the enslaved Firbolgs back again,
And steeped their gyves in foemen’s slaughter;

Tuatha de Danaans' wizard horde
Meet and appal the uplifted sword,
Their grisly ranks with dead men tell,
And fiends and conjuries of Hell?
Sings, the Wrath of the old Milesian Son
Fell Heber, and woad Heremon?
Infatuate cast away the knife
Whose point invades a brother's life!
Turgesium's death? lewd craven Thane—
Far other arms suit virgin's train,
The loom, the distaff, and the woof,
Not glaive of might and skean of proof!
Who, Brian's wound? thou heardest, Ben-Eadair,
The death scream of the proud invader,
When on Clontarf's bleak battle plain
Swords gleamed like gull's wings o'er the Dane;
Of Niall's royal Captives nine,
The prowess of the Dalriadh line;
Or Thee in fainter accents sings
Last Roderick of Emania's Kings?
When, weary as if of being free,
We prostituted Liberty!
False Dergovilla, traitress dame,
Sacred to national execration,
Lights here as well the Trojan flame,
Fair Helen of another nation;

Or Who, regardless of her oath,
Brought the dusk Moslem on the Goth,
And lost on Guadalete's plain
The crown and chivalry of Spain !

XII.

" Poor Scholar 'haps," quoth he, " who thrills
With ecstasies his lot ne'er fills,
Who sadly learns and grieving knows
How Roman pride and Grecian rose,
Hath raised each Watchword of the state,
Plebeians or th' Aristocrate !
Returning from the brave descant,
To face some small ignoble want.
So the Helot's arm, enchained to the oar,
Impels the war-galley to the shore ;
Shares not the fight or victory,
But tugs in hopeless bondage free !
Better for him he had ne'er been born,
Than eat his noble heart with scorn ;
Better in books he ne'er had read,
Had been to lowly station bred ;
To drive the coulter, wield the bill,
Than prune his hopes, and forehead drill !
The Spartan thus hides 'neath his vest
Devouring fangs that gnaw his breast ;

With glorious craft enfolds his theft,
Till the heart was with its secret reft !
'Tis hard when Knowledge sharpens pride,
The flouts of dull contempt to bide ;
When poetry makes delicate,
To bear the meanness of our state,
Yield complaisance without respect,
Or freeze in undeserved neglect :
As the eager Lark, if sunbeam fall
Where hangs its cage beside the wall,
Springs as of old in Heaven's free air,
To greet the morning glad and fair ;
He falls,—the iron makes him start,
And chafes and galls the stricken part !
Thus th' world enforces humbleness,
And twitches poor forgetfulness !
Till barred from every flight sublime
Men own their poverty—a crime !”

XIII.

“ Scorn not the Scholar's simple rede.
Sweet is the instructed Soul's complaint,
As lurking Violet's blue-cowled weed
Emits when crushed a pregnant taint.
Though not for these the trophied pile,
The applause of men, soft Beauty's smile,

No Senate's ranks with loud acclaim
Rise up to greet the loquent name ;
With none to assist, and few to inspire,
They feed their lamp and trim their fire ;
Yet by the unaided powers of Thought
Transcendant marvels have been wrought.
Whose spell through glimmering bars of Night
Can filch from Heaven creative light,
Subject the Hyades' watery sphere,
Man's course along the Deep to steer,
Loose Comets' fiery tresses bind,
And fix the vain fears of the mind !
Till in their lere's capacious field
The world without appears revealed.
The extents of Space asunder fly,
The bounds of Time, and walls of Sky !
Thrice happy, who from crowds apart
Gives up to Wisdom all his heart ;
Bless'd if they knew, who have learned the cause
Of Seasons' change and Nature's laws ;
What power contracts the brumal ray,
And rounds the Sun's solstitial way ;
Why on the changeful Moon's vain glow
Fond tides attendant ebb and flow ;
Who have reached some spot in the high expanse
Unpaved before by starry glance !

Him can blind Sciote's stately rage,
And Maro's Husbandry engage!
Sweet Plato's meditative dream,
The Plane Tree, Porch, and Academe!
He hears the buskined Hero tread
With Gods in council overhead;
The Titan's penal chain allied
Doomed Labdacid and Pelopeid!
Him Erigene's fair Marguerite,
Or virtuous Alciphron delight!
Oh! well exchanged for learned resorts,
And classic leisure,
The bustling 'change and weary courts,
Vain seats of pleasure!
With his brow's sweat man tills the ground,
Cursed too dull Fashion's barren round!
Mute Comforters, whose looks ne'er chide,
Nor Want nor Ignorance deride;
In sorrow, sickness, and old age,
Confirm our health, and pain assuage:
And Thou of all, The Book, The Word,
Be thou my buckler, spear, and sword,
The dark debate within harangue,
And sooth the dying Student's pang!"

XIV.

I ceased, and with this last epode,
His gloomy vein in turn o'erflow'd :

“ With forward mien and brow erect,
No grievance to beguile,
We lose the worthless retrospect
For Hope's auspicious smile.

“ But when our Fortune only frowns,
We too invert our gaze,
And Memory the prospect crowns
With leaves of withered bays.

“ Then bid the festal fillets flow,
Let music float around,
The noble feats we only know,
In the empty song rebound !

“ We'll drink the achievements of our Sires,
The joys too bright to last,
Who here with bootless care requires
The Greatness of the Past ?

“ Why stimulate the gay carouse
With thriftless minstrelsy ?
Strike, strike, to hail the falling House,
And welcome Misery !”

XV.

Where went He then, that lonely man,
The idle partner of my lay ?
Ere long we heard how he began
To droop at home, and melt away,
Like mists upon an Autumn day——
Now the World of Spirits, Lover's Leap,
Since first I sped my roundelay,
The Outlaw's Chace, ruined Churches' keep,
And Visit of the ' Waverley,'
Have passed like shadows o'er our sober fay.

XVI.

I have sought the genius of the Past,
On its old haunts in spirit cast ;
Laid on the track by which 'twas gone,
Imagination led me on ;
Following in Genius' golden set
Which weakly warms, but gildeth yet,
Wherever once its beam hath shone !

Nor deem it all vain to have whiled the hour,
In the Caucian Vale by the old Round Tower.
Behoves to inure the Soul to rest,
Or ere 'tis finally supprest,
By pensive Contemplation woo'd,
To muse betimes in serious mood;
But Night hath rolled the Heavens down,
Nor Eve more shades the mountains brown!
My farewell like a cloud doth fall:
Avail sweet Glen, and kind friends all!
Thou only Good art fixed, may we
Stand like the old Tower built up to all Eternity!

FINIS

NOTES TO CANTO V.

Note 1, page 133, line 7.

Lost Gerald.

Gerald Griffin, the author of the "Collegians," died soon after the production of *Gisippus*, having striven with and overcome great difficulties. I have here imitated the metre of his poem, "The Fate of Kathleen." Some of the stanzas are extremely beautiful :—

The maiden calmly, sadly smiled ;
She plucked an opening flow'r,
She gazed upon the mountain wild,
And on the evening bower.
"I have looked," she said, "from east to west,
But sin has never found me,
I cannot feel it in my breast,
Nor see it all around me."

Note 2, page 137, line 20.

The old paved avenue.

There are the remains of an ancient paved road still to be traced for some distance. It was probably made by Gavastone, of whom Campion says :—"Who notwithstanding subdued O'brene, (Byrne) edified sundry castles, causewayes, and bridges."—*Historie of Ireland*, page 119.

Note 3, page 140, line 16.

Pierre's impassioned song.

“ Paul and Virginia,” a sweet poem in prose, or the tragic “ Ode” of “ Venice Preserved.”

Note 4, page 144, line 4.

Cathedral of the apostles twain.

The site and aspect of the churches are vividly described in Ware. “ The Cathedral was under the invocation of St. Peter and St. Paul, and both that and the Abbaye are situated almost in the middle of a long valley, surrounded by mountains of an amazing height, whence the water falls over many craggy rocks, and feeds the lochs, and rivers which run in the vale below ; *in the pleasantest part whereof* may be seen the ruins of many Churches or Religious Houses, the windows or doors whereof appear at this day to have been adorned with a great variety of curious work. There appear among the ruins to have been many stones and crosses carved with inscriptions, and figures thereon in the Irish language.” (Vol. I, 775, seq.) The main features of the place remain the same. Nature dies not ; her glory is not changed ; but the chevron mouldings have been mutilated, the Runic knots forcibly dis severed, the crosses and carved stones overthrown, and the curious inscriptions and “ figures thereon” erased.

Note 5, page 144, line 11.

St. Saviour's columned priory.

Archdall, in his *Monasticon*, p. 775, says, “ Of this building little can be traced ; but about six years since a quantity of stones remarkably well wrought was discovered, and on removing an heap of rubbish, the collection of six centuries, two clusters of columns were found, with curious emblematic decorations, which had supported a great fretted arch,” &c.

Note 6, page 145, line 11.

*Save where one stone its station keeps,
Records, " See here O'Tuile sleeps."*

He gives this translation of the Irish text, "Behold the resting place of the body of King Mac Toole, who died in Jesus, 1010." This stone has been broken since this was written. Seven of these top-archs were interred here.

Note 7, page 146, line 18.

Masoned Ararat of Arkite.

The other diverse theories will be found collected and investigated in the "Round Towers." Harcourt supposes these, as other similar pillars in Phœnicia and Central Asia, &c. to be representations of the Diluvian Mount:—"And as those who frequented the ark as a sanctuary immediately after the Deluge, were under the necessity of climbing the mountain in order to reach it, therefore in these stenographical representations of the sanctuary, ark, and mountain-peak combined, as in those grand hieroglyphics of Mount Ararat, the Egyptian Pyramids, the same rule was observed, and the entrance was placed at an inconvenient elevation." His theory is supported with considerable ingenuity and learning.—*Doctrine of the Deluge*, vol. II. 400, seq.

Note 8, page 148, line 7.

Sythic Partholan.

There is considerable confusion in the early series of our kings, commencing as it does with such a distant era; that, as Flaherty quotes from Buchanan, in his *Ogygia*, (sumptibus Ben. Tooke, 1685, p. 34)

"Quodcunque vetustum
Gentibus in reliquis, vel narrat fama vel audet
Fabula, longævis vel credunt sæcula fastis
Huc compone, novum est!"

Hence Plowden in his *History* says, “ab Jove principium faciunt !” Moore as an historian is obliged to discredit this portion of our annals ; but his predecessors in this work commence their story, “ab ovo,” and treated of the Deluge incidentally ; it would seem in fact to be a species of ballad-history, similar to the earlier Roman period, and only wants a Niebuhr and Macaulay to digest and illustrate it. Partholan was the eighth from Noah, a descendant of Japhet the founder of the Scythian race, of which the names Scoti and Scuiti are synonyms.

Note 9, page 148, line 12.

So hot the action ran.

“The action was so hot, that they did not observe how the tide flowed in upon them, till they were quite surrounded; and when they offered to retire upon the land, they were hindered by the depth of the waters, so that those who escaped the sword were drowned.”—KEATING, p. 92. The Formhoriacc, their opponents in this engrossing conflict, are variously translated, sea-robbers or sea-kings; but as Keating (l. c.) well observes, in the early ages there was little difference between them.

Note 10, page 148, line 23.

Led the enslaved Firbolgs back again.

The Nemedians, on their defeat, took refuge in Greece; where, like the Israelites of old, they were compelled to toil, “to dig clay in the valleys, and carry it in leathern bags to the top of the highest mountains,” whence their name from *Fir* “men,” and *bolg* “bags,” is gravely derived. They would seem, however, rather to be the Bolg or Belgæ, a swarm of the great Northern hive.

Note 11, page 149, line 1.

Tuatha de Danaans' wizard horde.

Keating gives this translation of a poem in the ‘Book of Invasions.’ The lines contain a sort of rude force :—

“The Tuatha de Danans, horrible to relate,
By force of potent spells and wicked magic,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Could raise a slaughtered army from the earth,
And make it live, and breathe, and fight again !”

When these heroes landed, they burned their ships with classic deliberation, “resolving never to return.”

Note 12, page 149, line 9.

Turgesius' death.

“To bee short, O Malaglien attired princelike his owne daughter, and with her sixteene beautifull striplings, which presented to the King in his privy chamber, accompanied only with certaine wantons of the Nobility, drew foorth from under their woman-like garments their skeanes, and valiantly bestirred themselves, stabbing first the tyrant, next the youth present, that prepared but small resistance, surely fit mates to supply the office they tooke in hand, of Paris not of Hector.”—CAMPION'S *Historie*, chap. 15, p. 71.

Note 13, page 149, line 13.

Brian's wound.

See a vivid account of the engagement, and the deaths of Brian and Morough, in a literal translation by Donovan, from the original in “Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy,” given in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, (1832-3, pages 133, seq.)

Note 14, page 149, line 16.

Swords gleamed like gulls' wings o'er the Dane.

This characteristic simile is given on the authority of a “Despatch” sent by the son of Malachi to the clan Colman, a month after the engagement:—“I never,” says he, “beheld with my eyes nor read in history an account of a sharper or bloodier fight than this memorable action, nor if an Angel from Heaven would descend, and relate

the circumstances of it, could you without difficulty be induced to give credit to it, &c. When both the powerful armies engaged and grappled in close fight, it was dreadful to behold how the swords glittered over their heads, being struck by the rays of the Sun, which gave them an appearance of a numerous flock of white seagulls flying in the air."—KEATING, p. 182.

Note 15, page 150, line 4.

Brought the fierce Moslem on the Goth.

Cava, the daughter of Count Julian. See "Lockhart's Spanish Ballads." Gibbon denies the authority of the romantic part of this story.

Note 16, page 150, line 5.

Poor Scholar.

See Carleton's fine tale for a pathetic instance of this class.

Note 17, page 150, line 18.

—— eat his noble heart.

ὅν ὄδμον κατέδωκ.—HOMER.

Note 18, page 153, line 9.

Erigene's fair Marguerite.

Johannes Scotus Erigena, or John the Irish Scot, so called probably to distinguish from his cotemporary John of St. David's, was one of the first five lecturers in the University of Oxford; "a man," says Camden, "of great parts, and an universal scholar, teaching astronomy and geometry before the most glorious and invincible King Alfred." His famous philosophical work, "*Margarita Philosophiæ, seu de Divisione Naturæ*," is here alluded to.

Note 19, page 153, line 10.

Or virtuous Alciphron.

Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher. Of this author Pope sings,

“ To Berkely every virtue under Heaven.”

Note 20, page 156, line 2.

Caucian Vale.

Kildare and Wicklow were colonised by the Cauci or Cayci, mentioned by Tacitus.

Note 21, page 156, line 10.

Avail sweet Glen.

We conclude, in the language of Archdall, “ I shall now bid adieu to this illustrious Seminary, which (in the words of a late eminent writer) was once the luminary of the western world, whence savage septs and roving barbarians derived the blessings of knowledge and the benefits of religion. The romantic shape of the surrounding mountains, many of which are covered with a fresh spring of wood, and others though of a surprising height retaining the liveliest verdure almost throughout the year, encrease our veneration. That man is little to be envied whose piety will not grow warmer as he treads the ruins of—GLENDALOUGH !”

ERRATA.

Canto II. p. 43, line 12, *for* “ pairs” *read* “pours.”

p. 47, line 1, *for* “ unstrang” *read* “ unhang.”

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